Vol. CXXI.—No. 1571] JANUARY 24, 1934 Registered as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

"LONDON NIGHTS: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret": The New Humour—by "Bystander" Artists

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GENIUS AT HOME.—Wilfred Walter as Thomas Carlyle, and Marda Vanne as Jane, in Elizabeth Drew's play: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock, and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Cecil Parker who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband. Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE RIVALS.—Lady Tree, Joyce Carey, Baliol Holloway and Frank Cellier in the cast of Sheridan's play: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Matinées only.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred, and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN.—Maxwell Anderson's New York success has Joyce Barbour, Hilda Sims, Dorothy Hyson and Colin Keith-Johnston in the English version: Westminster, 8.30.

THE TEMPEST.—With Charles Laughton as Prospero, Ursula Jeans as Miranda, and Roger Livesey and Elsa Lanchester as Caliban and Ariel: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Victoria Hopper and Leslie French in Basil Dean's delightful production: Cambridge, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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ON WITH THE SHOW.—A spectacular one at that, with Betty Frankiss, Patrick Waddington, Marjorie Lotinga, and a few more: Prince's, 8.15 and 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 's A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Playhouse, 8.40.

First Night

HENRY V.—Godfrey Tearle as the King, with Yvonne Arnaud, Basil Gill, Franklin Dyall: Alhambra, January 27th, 8.

OPERA

OPERA. The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

BROADWAY THRU' A KEYHOLE.—Constance Cummings and a star-ish cast in a film by Walter Winchell, the columnist: Tivoli.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.—Brian Aherne and Victoria Hopper in the film version of Margaret Kennedy's book, directed by Basil Dean: New Gallery.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's New York success filmed, under Ernst Lubitsch's direction; Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper as the two friends and their girl-friend: Plaza.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT.—All about smuggling Chinese into California, directed by James Cruze, and starring Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon. Also the much-discussed "Whither Germany?": Leicester Square.

I'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West's "Come up and see me sometime" film continues to be amusing, vulgar, and full of life: Carlton.

LE PETIT ROI.—The boy-star, Robert Lynen ("Poil de Carotte"), in a new film: Rialto.

LIEBELEI.—The film of Schnitzler's romantic tragedy, set in old Vienna; Magda Schneider as Christine: Academy.

THE MAD GAME.—With Spencer Tracy and Clare Turner: Capitol.

PRENEZ GARDE À LA PEINTURE.—The French film of "Christopher Bean." "Ombres sur L'Europe" completes the all-French programme: Cinema House.

SILLY SYMPHONIES.—A new Walt Disney programme of Symphonies and Mickey Mouse films, including "King Neptune" and "Flowers and Trees": Tatler.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO.—A film on the grandest scale, but without stars, and silent but for musical accompaniment; directed by the famous Eisenstein. "The Mascot" suggests a rival for Felix and Micky: Marble Arch Pavilion.

VOLTAIRE.—George Arliss as the French philosopher: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Bruno Walter conducts the London Philharmonic in an all-Beethoven programme, including the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies: Queen's Hall, January 25th. 8.15.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Fürtwangler conducts a Mozart-Schubert-Strauss programme: Albert Hall, January 28th. 3.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Hans Weisbach conducts Bach's "Die Kunst Der Fuge": Queen's Hall, January 29th. 8.15.

B.B.C.—Another concert conducted by Bruno Walter; Prokoviev plays his own Concerto No. 5: Queen's Hall, January 31st. 8.15.

Recitals

D'ALVAREZ.—Song recital: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

LILI KRAUSS.—Pianoforte recital, with a Beethoven-Mozart programme: Aeolian Hall, January 25th. 8.30.

GABRIELE JOACHIM.—Orchestral concert, conducted by Henry Joachim: Æolian Hall, January 26th. 8.30.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.—Pianoforte recital: Wigmore Hall, January 27th. 3.

SCHNABEL.—And the Pro-Arte Quartet, playing Brahms, Mozart and Dvorak: Queen's Hall, January 30th. 8.15.

CIRCUSES

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Bertram Mills's great annual feature: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.—Last 2 days.

CIRCUS AND WORLD'S FAIR: Agricultural Hall, till January 27th.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—A new troupe of young ladies, the Café de Paris Girls, dance at ten and midnight; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Mary McCormic (Princess S. Mdivani), the New York prima-donna, makes her first London appearance; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—The Western Brothers are here again, more public-school than ever; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzie Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Walsh and Arnold, American singers, and King, Queen and Jack, dancers, are the cabaret turns: extension night, Friday.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House.

PASTEL SOCIETY: Royal Institute Galleries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

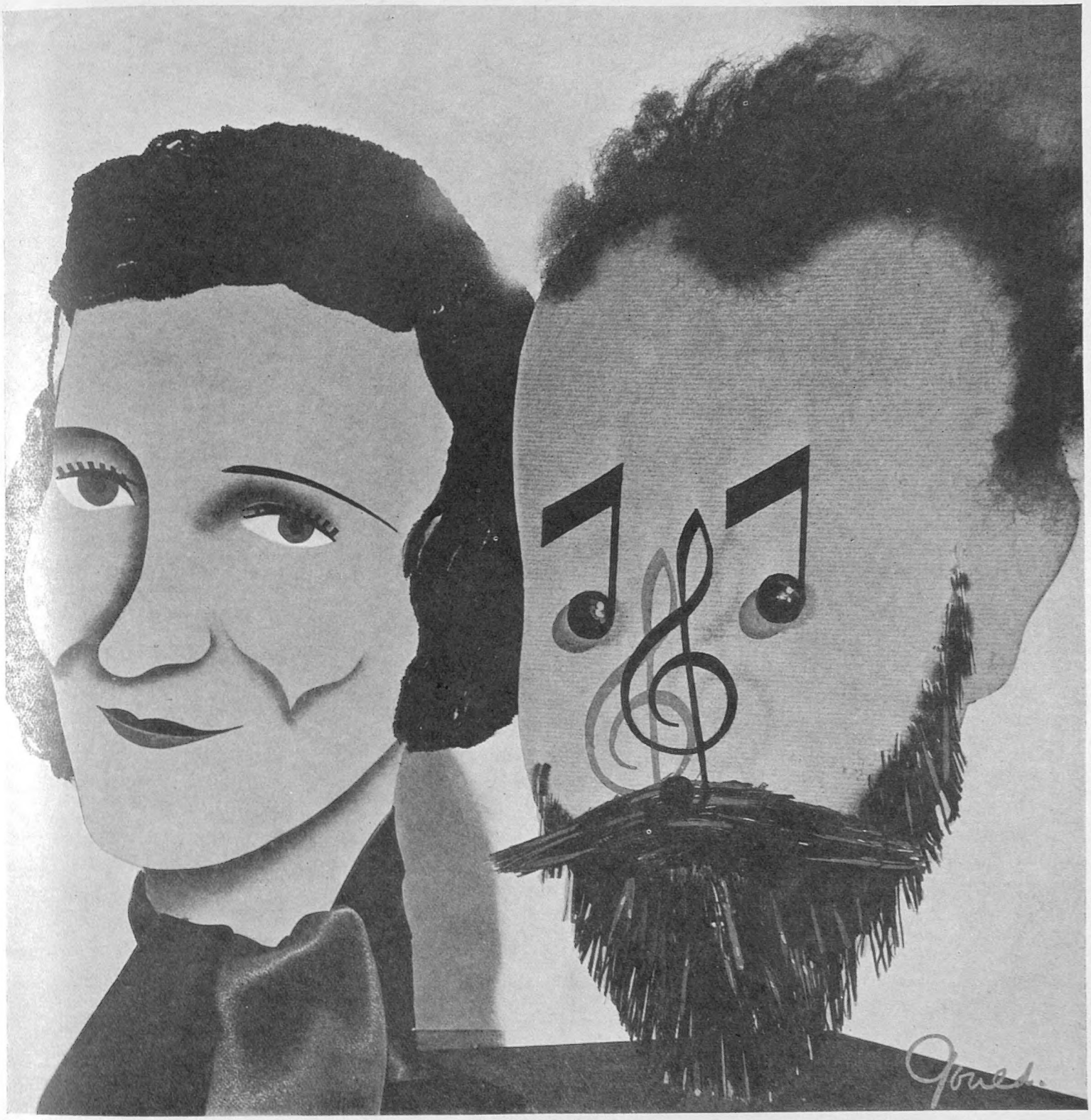
SPORT

RUGGER. — Harlequins v. Cambridge University: Twickenham January 27th.

SQUASH RACKETS.—American Women's Team play Queen's, I.S.C. and Ladies Carlton: January 29th, 30th, 31st.

The Bystander, January 24, 1934 No. 1571. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER



Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 11. Peggy Wood and Sir Henry Wood

This week our artist has joined together for the purposes of caricature Peggy Wood, the noted actress and singer who made such a success in "Bitter Sweet" as the Marchioness of Shayne and Shirley Sheridan in "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Sir Henry Wood, Kt., the famous musician. Discarding, as usual, the commonplace pencil, he has made the lady's likeness out of card-board, black tinsel and velvet, while Sir Henry is composed of card-board of a different texture, broom bristles, a wool rug, and musical signs

"May I?"

Standing By...

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Serious News for Mr. Jardine

THE cables from China make alarming reading in these days. We would have thought that China had enough worries on her hands already, what with the hundred and sixteen rival generals, the Japanese, Henry Pu-Yi, and the interminable problem of picking up rice with a pair of sticks, without interfering in the domestic affairs of the British Empire. But no. Advices show that this reckless step has been decided upon, and an organised drive is to be made "to stamp out cricket-fighting." It is a cruel and barbarous sport, say the Chinese, and must be suppressed. We understand that among the more drastic reforms which are to be recommended will be the substitution of a tennis-ball for the hard ball which caused so much dismay and irritability in Australia a short time ago, first-bounce catching, and the wearing of sprays of cherry-blossom behind the ears. Great emphasis is being laid on the last of these three proposals, as it is felt that the gentle language of flowers will do much to soften the harshness of the fighting crickets. "How could honourable Jardine," asks a prominent Shanghai banker, "allow the Blackbirds of Austerity to break through the Piecrust of Suaveness, if a spray of cherry was scenting honourable air of Adelaide Oval?" Another suggestion is that a gentler atmosphere could be induced if cricket-grounds were patrolled by Women Policemen.

There will be a special meeting of the M.C.C. to discuss the situation, and it is rumoured that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will take the chair, the Cabinet being fully alive to the international gravity of the situation (in so far as the Cabinet can be described as being fully alive at all). Later cables indicate an increasing tension. There has been a raid upon a secret cricket-fighting hall (or hell; cable indecipherable here) in Shanghai and a number of crickets arrested. In order to show the true-to-type nonchalance of the island sportsman, they chirped merrily throughout the trial, thus causing a prominent member of the French colony to exclaim in admiration, "Mon mot, ils sont hommes blancs, à travers et à travers!" and an elderly German importer of wozzle-shafts to burst into tears with the words, "Meine worte, weissmänner, durch und durch!" (Makes one proud to be pukka, eh, Air Vice-Commodore?)

"Don't mind him, Sir—you've got his plate!"

Another Blow for the Poor Emperor

IT is only a short time ago since we commented upon the arrival of Mr. Schenck, "the Napoleon of Hollywood." We were distressed, if you remember rightly (as a matter of strict fact, we were distressed, whether you remember rightly or not), at the great Emperor being compared with a purveyor of celluloid pictures. Now the thing has happened again, only worse. A contemporary has published a picture of Mr. Fiorello La Guardia, the Mayor of New York City, with a picture underneath of Napoleon and the caption: "Mr. La Guardia looks like Napoleon." Our contemporary is wrong. Let us leave it at that.

Long John Silver

THE news that the United States Geographical Board is about to re-christen the island of Haiti (by the way, re-christen is perhaps a slightly unfortunate word, but we are not sure if there is such a word as re-voodoo) brings back delicious memories of our youth. Columbus discovered the island in 1492 and called it La Española, or Little Spain. Then it was corrupted into Hispaniola, and it was in the schooner Hispaniola that Long John was cook, and Israel Hands was gunner, and all the rest of that glorious crew of scoundrels served.

"Do you do these in flannel?"

Now the island is to be Hispaniola again, and—belay there, you lubbers! do you think we 're afraid of a boozy old seaman with a blue mug who died of drink in Savannah?

With Our Feathered Friends

Two little items from the Kindness to Dumb Animals Bulletin that we compile from time to time. A gentleman was separated by the force of circumstances from his pet rat. All the time that the magistrate was explaining that the period of separation would be six months, with the usual time off for good conduct, the gentleman gazed at Peter the rat, who was having fun and games in a nice new cage on the barristers' table. (There ought to be a good chance here for one of our deft cracks at the Law—something about the magistrate being short-sighted or something, and asking what a solicitor was doing among the barristers, but we don't seem to be able to get a pen round it.) The other news from the Bulletin is that the Parish Council of the village of Ovingdene, or some such name, is meeting to consider a mysterious epidemic which has already polished off a round score of the local tabbies. The citizens of the village are unable to get any sleep at night for the roaring gusts of laughter which come up through the wainscot from the mouse-holes.

Naughty, Naughty!

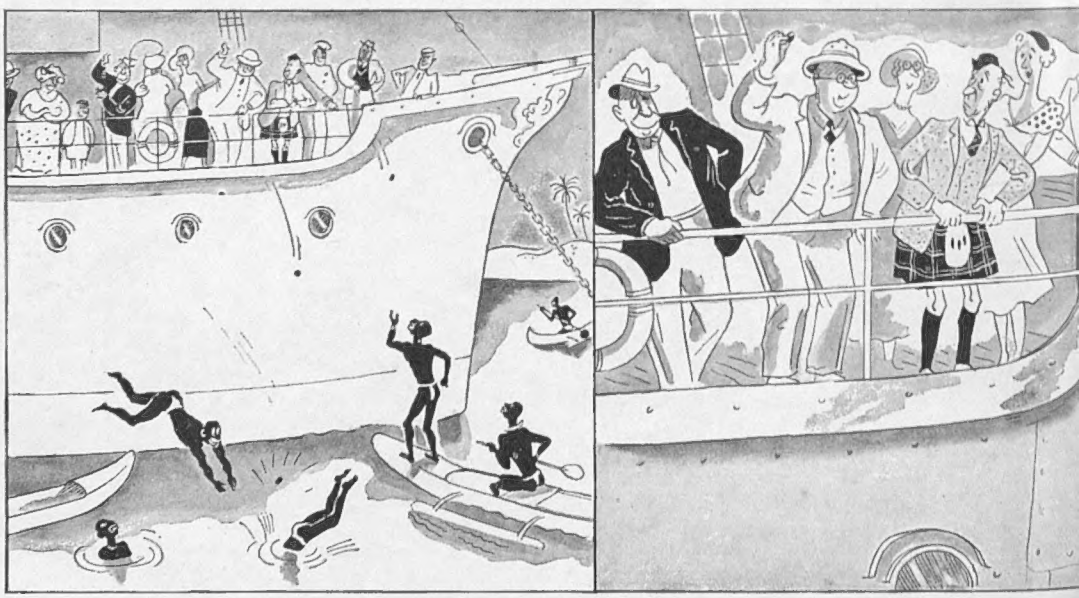
The ice-hockey boys have been at it again. There seems to be something strangely inflammatory about ice. A London team went over to Paris to play against a team of Canadians, Americans, and Frenchmen, which, according to the somewhat strange qualification rules of this pastime, was probably labelled Uruguay or the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. An English player with a Scottish name, and a Frenchman with a Scottish name, were both sent off the ice, and then players and spectators joined in a free-for-all. The spectators were leading on points after the first five minutes.

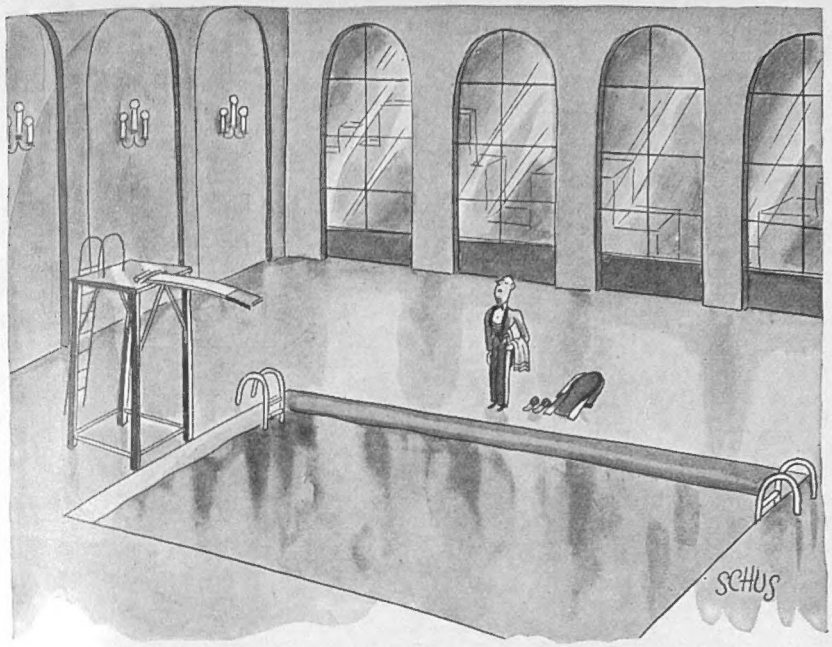
Oh, We Say!

Fearful news from Amsterdam. Really, someone ought to speak to these Dutch. First of all they suffer from the classical fault of the Dutch, which is giving too little and asking too much, and now they get in a panic over a few cases of parrot-disease (psittacosis—first letter pronounced as in Wodohouse), and at once order all the love-birds in the city to be gassed. As Macduff almost said, "What! All our pretty love-birds? All?" Anyway, it rules out Amsterdam from getting our summer holiday this year. No love-birds, no guelders.

A New Poet

Somewhere on the staff of the British Colour Council there lurks a poet. Who can it be? Not Mr. Masefield, obviously. Mr. John Drinkwater? Sir John Squire? A Syndicate of Sitwells? We do not know. But no one except a poet could have invented the names for this year's Dress Shades. Listen to the range of the new Greens—Linden-Tree, Ripple and Glade, Killarney, Arden. The three new turquoises are to be Cascade, Capri, and Lagoon. For cruising-costumes there will be Galleon Gold (a fine echo, this, of waves in Tobermory Bay) and Pennant Blue and Esterelle. In the spring there will be Rain-Cloud and Burn Blue and Carnelian and Frog. There's poetry for you! We have already ordered our Ripple and Glade spats. From internal evidence, we gather on reading the Report that the poet, whoever he may be, had a poet-like fit of the tantrums and walked out just before the work was complete. We base this view on the fact that in almost the last line of all we read that a





"Million and one—million and two—million and three—mill . . ."

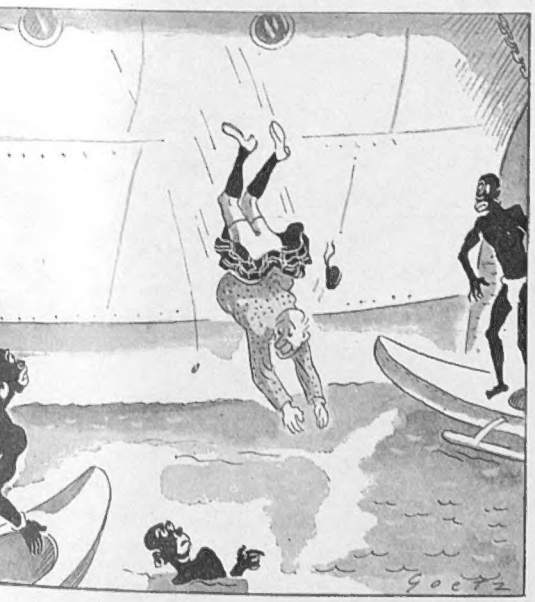
"pinkish beige for gloves" is to be called Ventnor. There is a sad come-down after Esterelle and Lagoon! You might just as well say that a new colour which is to suggest the flicker of the Northern Lights upon a sheet of aquamarine is to be christened Macclesfield, and that the effect of starlight in a Florentine rose-garden will be officially known as Glossop.

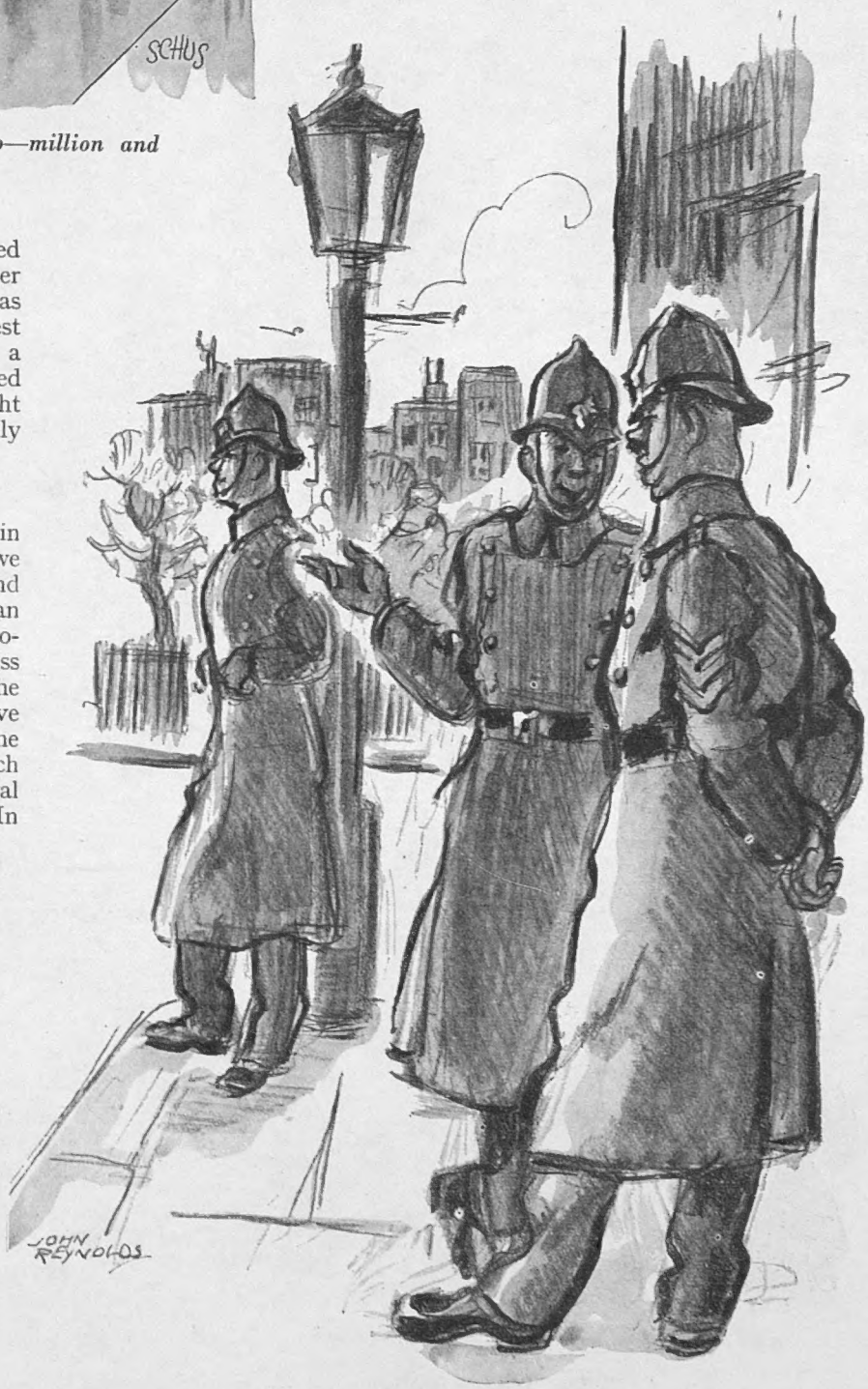
That's the Stuff, Boys!

A SOLOMON has come to judgment in Prussia, and when we say Solomon we mean Solomon, the expert in wisdom and wives. Just before the New Year, a Prussian court was asked to give a ruling on the propriety with which a married man might kiss "a partner other than his wife" during the New Year festivities. The ruling is of grave importance to married men all over the world, for it laid down that embraces which denoted gratitude or pleasure at the arrival of the New Year were quite permissible. In order to be ready for the extension of this principle to the English law and convention, we have drawn up a provisional list of occasions which a conscientious married man might reasonably be expected to welcome with pleasure. We have so far discovered between 360 and 370 of these occasions, and will be glad to forward copies of our list at the very moderate cost of a bob a nob.

Winnie the Pu-Yi

EMPEROR Henry of Manchukuo (né Yi) is a bit worried about his get-up at his impending coronation. He feels that if he wears Chinese robes, ignorant people might get the impression that he is a Chinaman, and that is the last thing he wants to happen, though he is. He has therefore been photographed in three separate outfits, and is going to choose one of the three when the Manchukuo bulb-squeezers have developed their





"Charming fellow, Saunders—but a rather superficial type"

fine-silver-wash cabinet plates. One of the photographs shows Harry in civilian clothes (probably a plain tartan deer-stalker and a neat Tuxedo with beige facings); the second displays him in plus-fours, ready to take on the pro. at the Royal Port Arthur Links; and in the third, Harry is wearing the simple uniform of a Japanese Field-Marshal. The other great problem which is exercising the dear little fellow's mind is this: in the event of his being elected Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and having to strike off a golf ball what time Andrew Kirkaldy fires the morning cannon, ought he to wear his plus-fours or his Field-Marshal's outfit?

The Divine Dolly

THE report of the Birmingham Juvenile Court, to the effect that there are more bad boys than bad girls in that city, shows a deplorable lack of understanding of cause and effect. The adorable Dolly Mickleham, in those Dialogues that are called after her Christian name, knew better. "Boys will be boys." "Ah, that wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls." There is a large part of life's philosophy for you.

Old Boys' Corner

DESPERATE work in the Isle of Man. Cads are out and about. But the High Bailiff is watching, and when one of them appeared in the blazer and tie of King William's College to defend himself on a motoring charge, he got exactly what was coming to him. A shilling fine for the motoring offence, and eighteenpence for being improperly dressed. What? You think he was not improperly dressed for appearing in a school blazer? We obviously haven't explained properly. You see, the High Bailiff was himself an Old Boy, and the motoring miscreant was not. Ah! Now you get the idea. A bob for knocking down an orphan, or whatever it might be, and fifty per cent. more for the real offence. Quite right, too.

Only last week a friend of ours went into a multiple stores to buy an old Etonian tie for sixpence. "I'm sorry, Sir," trilled the dainty assistant, "but Old Etonians are ever so popular with the boys this year. Ever so. We haven't one left. What about a nice Old Reptonian or an Old Oundelian? Or

THESPÆANS

No. 17.—Couplets à la Moderne

Feminine Reaction to Classical Grace

When flappers see John Gielgud
It sort of makes them fielgud

Hostel Hospitality of Caledonian Comedian

In bars and places, Sir Harry Lauder
Great rounds of drinks will often auder

Hibernian Appeal to Heartstrings

Soul-sobs as sung by Talbot O'Farrell
Make one think of treacle oozing out of o'barrell

Comedy and Cockney Characters

Gordon Harker is very jocular
When speaking in the Cockney vernocular

Musical Moments of World-Famed Wit

There's a serious side to George Robey—
He collects violins as a hobey

Youthful Proclivities of Clever Comedian

A marvellous lad is Joe Coyne—
He seems as young as the day he was boyne

Famous Fun-Maker and Fog

The vocal strains of George Jackley
Are like a foghorn's exacley

B. W.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 4

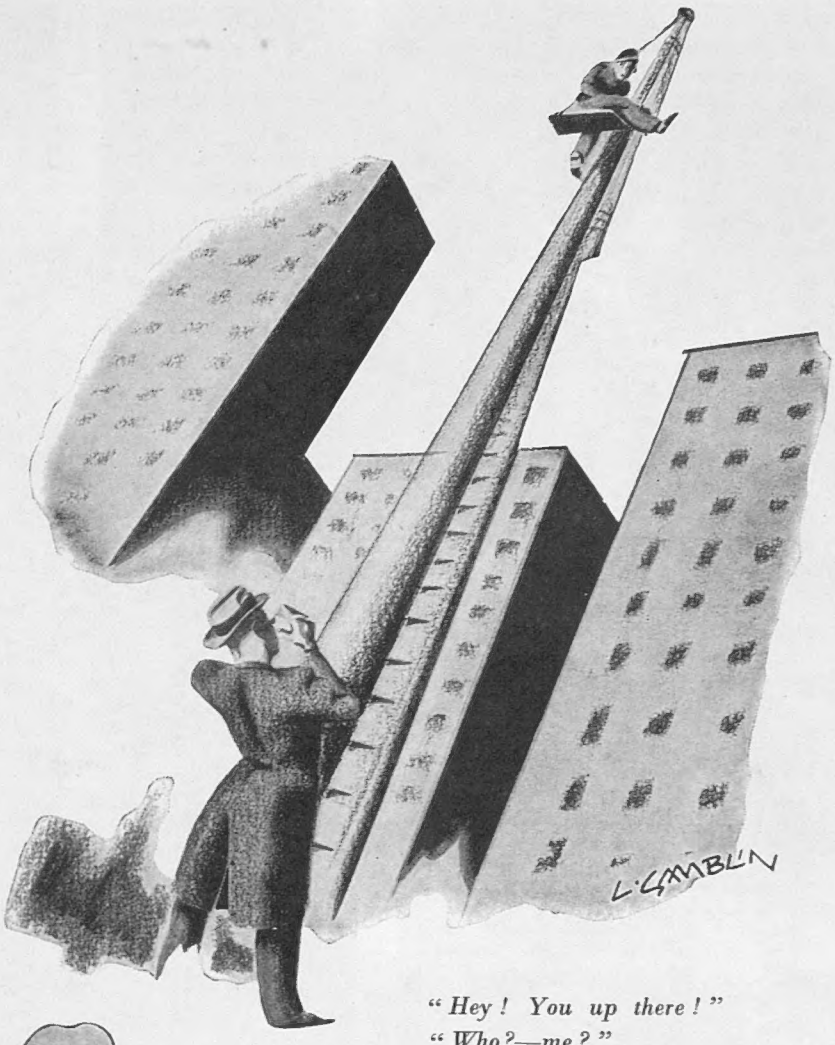
As Judge Jeffreys announced from the Bench:

"YOU'LL DIE WHEN YOU HEAR THIS ONE!"

a special bargain, Sir—an Old Kelly College and an Old Sketchly Dye Works, both together for eightpence ? "

A Great Actor

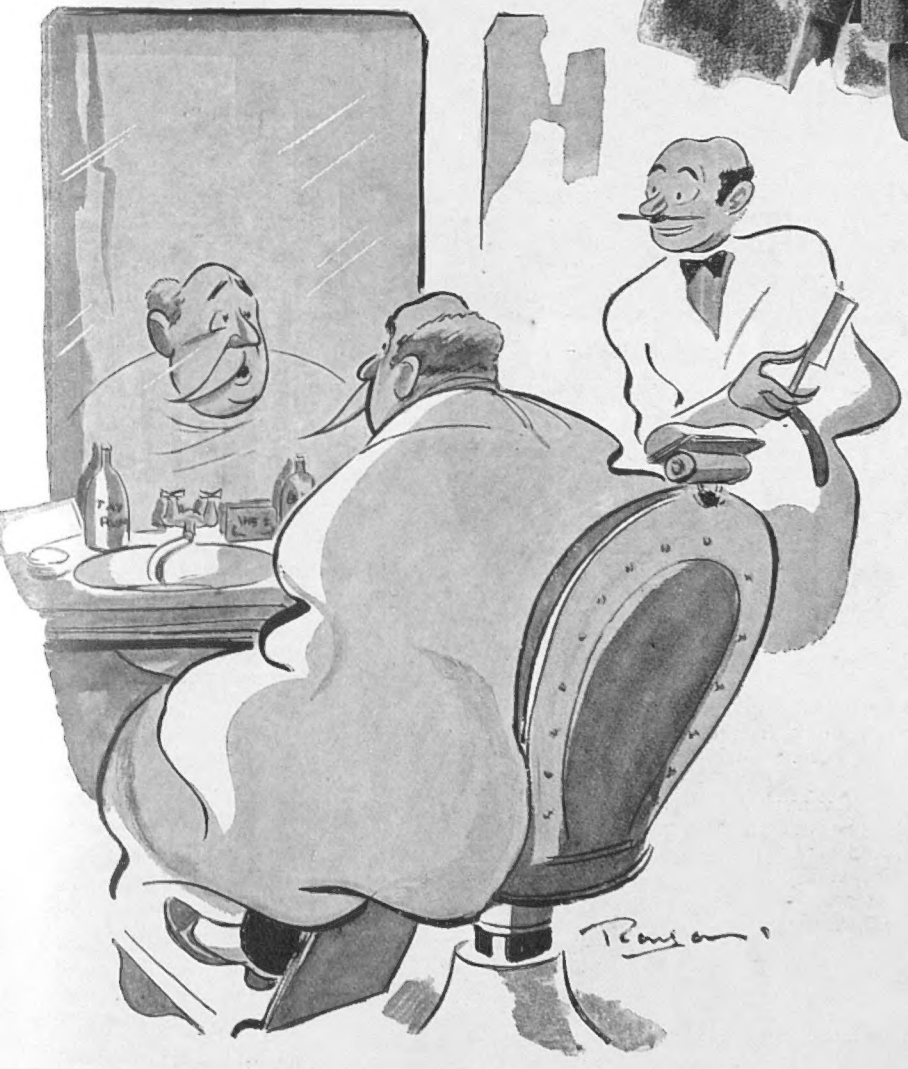
WE ourselves went in our full regimentals to see Mr. Melville Cooper do his plaintain-ophagy (a highbrow word which we have just invented to denote the act of eating a banana) in *Laburnum Grove,* at the Duchess Theatre. Talking about full regimentals, we have tried our best to persuade Mr. George Morrow to draw a picture of a Fleet Street journalist who pawned his Sunday trousers in the Municipal Pop-shop of Bayonne. Both have failed—our efforts and, of course, the pop-shop. Returning to *Laburnum Grove*—on paper only ; in the flesh, by heavens, no !—we were struck with two things. Mr. Cooper's steady perseverance in a pretty grim part, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn's superb acting. What a technique the man has ! Nowadays people despise technique, and débutantes think they can act and dance in cabaret shows with a few days' practice. Mr. Gwenn's delicate touches and subtle nuances are the bright spots in an otherwise arid desert of turgidity. We almost asked for our money back, but



" Hey ! You up there ! "
" Who ?—me ? "

were held back by a sudden rush of Public School spirit to the head. For, after all, we hadn't paid for them. A friend had weighed in. At least, we took him for a friend before we went. Now we are not so sure.

THE BYSTANDERS.



" I just shaved off one side, Sir, to see if you like it or not "

Bright and EARLIER

- Starting with the first issue in February "The Bystander" will be published one day EARLIER — namely, on TUESDAY morning instead of Wednesday.
- Please make a note of TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th —we shall be on sale *everywhere* on that day and every subsequent Tuesday.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Another Biographical Flash-back

Caricatured by the Producer

A. R. Whatmore, in addition to being an actor and a producer, is a clever caricaturist, as the above picture of Richard Bird when he appeared in "Whistling in the Dark" gives evidence. It was Mr. Whatmore who produced this thriller at the Comedy

"Genius at Home" (Embassy)

HISTORY has suffered a deal of garblings and distortions from the theatre in its day, but just lately the outburst of biographical drama has made amends for the liberal license with which authors have played tuppence-coloured tricks with penny-plain facts. All those plays about the Brontës, for instance (and there are still a few knocking around in managers' offices), dealt pretty satisfactorily with that remarkable family. The ghosts of Mr. Barrett and his little lot came back to Wimpole Street on a long lease, with all the credentials of flesh and blood. John Brown raised a mouldering body from the grave, but proved too dour and fanatical a ghost for popular acclamation. Very soon we shall know whether Clive of India (Leslie Banks) makes a braver show than Gandhi or the M.C.C.

Meanwhile there is another addition to the Lives of the Great—Thomas Carlyle, no less—which there is just time to see before the Embassy makes its fortnightly change of programme next Monday. Indeed, I can well imagine *Genius at Home*, by Elizabeth Drew, being sufficient attraction out at Swiss Cottage to outrun its trial trip.

This is a woman's play, and you can't wonder that Mrs. Carlyle and the domestic problems of keeping house for a wayward genius rather keep the gaunt, neglectful Thomas in check. Played by Wilfred Walter with a nice balance of repentant tenderness and volcanic eruption, the author of *Sartor Resartus* (which I haven't read, and, between you and me, don't intend to) makes an admirable literary background to the charm and humour of his long-suffering wife. We get sufficient glimpses of the great man's moods—ears plugged with cotton wool to drown the Chelsea barrel-organs of 1835, as he gave laborious birth to his first volume of *The French Revolution*—to realise that he lacks the full glamour of a centre-stage figure. Too mystic, obstinate and didactic, and like our friend Prospero, a bit of a bore.

JANE CARLYLE, with her ready wit, her understanding of a difficult, and probably to most women, an impossible case, her love, loyalty and inspiring courage, fills the bill, and Miss Drew has drawn her sympathetically and well. From the penniless farmhouse days of Craigenputtock to the successful period of Cheyne Row, Jane played second fiddle to her husband's books, temperament and indigestion. No wonder she defined genius as a capacity for making your wife take infinite pains. Glimpsed in a few scenes, the story is moving but never maudlin. Marda Vanne, playing with exactly the right tempo and feeling, sees spiritedly to that, and gives, incidentally, as fine, finished and sensitive a performance as I ever hope to see.

Agnes Lauchlan has some amusing chances as the gushing novelist, Geraldine Jewsbury, Arthur Chesney is entertaining as a literary poodle, and Tarver Penna touchingly conveys John Stuart Mill's grief on the burning of Carlyle's manuscript, a disaster which gives the second Act a grand curtain. The play is short and slight, but it runs smoothly and gathers force and feeling. I enjoyed it, and I 'm sure all the biographical fans will, too.

TRINCULO.

"Genius at Home," at the Embassy

Thomas Carlyle (Wilfred Walter) courageously sits down to re-write Volume I. of "The French Revolution," accidentally destroyed by John Stuart Mill's servant. His wife (Marda Vanne) stands by him

An impression by Mollie Bishop of Beatrice Lillie as she appears in one of her character-sketches in the successful revue "Please!" which is doing well at the Savoy Theatre

Swaebe

Claire Luce

"Clive of India," at Wyndham's

Above, left: in the intervals between playing with Fred Astaire in "Gay Divorce," at the Palace Theatre, the leading lady, Claire Luce, amuses herself by playing with dolls. She is seen above with one whose spiritual home is obviously the East

Above, right: Leslie Banks and Gillian Lind as Clive and Lady Clive, in "Clive of India," a historical play by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney, which will be seen for the first time in London at Wyndham's Theatre to-morrow (Thursday)

On the Stage and Off

Artists in the Theatrical Limelight

Houston Rogers

Betty Davies

Right: Hermione Gingold, one of the stars in "On with the Show," at Prince's, which, after an unfortunate start, has been improved enormously. She is equally well known in broadcasting as on the stage

Walter Bird

Hermione Gingold

Far right: Betty Davies, who will play the part of Jill in the new revue entitled "Jack and Jill," who will shortly make their first appearance in London in a new guise. Betty Davies played a prominent part in "After Dark"

ROUND

RACING AT BIRMINGHAM

S. E. K. Richardson

Miss Hibbert and Sir Peter Grant Lawson watching the numbers go up at Birmingham

Above: Lady Harrington talking to Sir Geoffrey Congreve, who had a horse running on the first day of the Birmingham Steeplechase Meeting

Right: the Hon. Michael Edwardes, Rifle Brigade, Mrs. F. G. B. Arkwright, the winner of the second prize, Brigadier S. S. Butler-Pasha, Kaid el 'Amm of the Sudan Defence Force, and Mrs. Butler, who took first prize at the fancy-dress dance held at the Palace Hotel, Khartoum, earlier this month

A BLUE NILE PARTY

THE EAST KENT HUNT BALL

Mrs. Ronnie Conway-Gordon offers Captain Hamilton a sandwich: a view of the East Kent Hunt Ball, which was held at Waldershare Park, where the Earl of Guilford, the Master, lives

THE WEST KENT TAKE THE FLOOR

Mr. G. Blake McGarth (standing, centre) took a large party to the Ball, which was held at the Wildernesse Country Club, Sevenoaks. Standing: Mr. L. A. d'Engelbrouner, Miss Clowes, Mr. Gount, Miss P. Watney, the host, Mr. Keswick, Mr. Davitt, Mr. M. McGarth, Mr. Ruy; centre: Miss Jemmett, Mrs. Watney, Miss McGarth, Mrs. McGarth, Miss Styles, Miss MacEwer; in front, Mr. P. G. Thin, Mr. J. P. D. Watney, Mr. R. Poston

Another party who danced at the Wildernesse: Viscount Hardinge and Mr. B. Reynolds, at the back; and, seated, Viscountess Hardinge, Mr. J. V. Rank, Mrs. Ken Homan, and Lady Watson

ABOUT . . . Mostly in Shires and Places Where They Hunt

Above: more guests at the West Kent Hunt Ball were Captain H. N. Holme, Mr. Street, Mr. Bentley, and Mr. Brittain; Miss Mackay, Miss Yvonne Street, and Mrs. J. A. Holmes

Right: Miss Muir and Mr. Henry Lakin, Sir Richard Lakin's nephew, at the V.W.H. (Cricklade) meet at Poulton Priory, after the Hunt Ball. Miss Muir's father, the late Mr. Muir, was Master of the Cotswold

W. Dennis Moss

Captain J. Garle, the Master of the West Kent, who hunts hounds himself, took a party to the Ball. He is sitting on the right, and with him are Mr. K. G. Hollebone, Mrs. H. C. Hollebone, Major Hollebone and Mrs. Garle

WEDDING AT VIRGINIA WATER

Lord Martin Cecil, the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter's second son, and Mlle. Edith Lilian Csanády de Telegd, the only daughter of M. and Mme. Aurel Csanády de Telegd, of Budapest, were married last week at Christ Church, Virginia Water

Mrs. Julien Lezard and her son, the Earl of Ranfurly, at the Quorn meet at Great Dalby. Lord Ranfurly succeeded on the death of his grandfather last year; he comes of age in May this year

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

THERE is no sign here of the holiday spirit dying down; in fact, the last London fogs have sent an unexpected batch of people hurrying out and there is a smile on the face of hôteliers, while M. Schenk, who has many well-known people staying at the Metropole, Monte Carlo, is beaming from ear to ear, and is particularly delighted at the success of his very attractive new grill-room in the Ambassadeurs.

WE started the week's frivolities by celebrating Twelfth Night at the gala dinner at the Cannes Casino, and almost heaved a sigh of relief on seeing the Christmas decorations burnt, for the Christmas and New Year festivities have been distinctly damp affairs, alcoholically, and a stomachic rest is clearly indicated. Noticed some beautiful dresses, particularly a pink creation worn by Mrs. Douglas King, while Mrs. Louis Beaumont was looking most attractive. "Shugie" de Bathe was in great form, but complains that since his marriage he is no longer loved for himself alone, but has to play second fiddle to his wife, which is hardly to be wondered at, as she is a most fascinating creature, with a wicked twinkle of the eye. Ate, wined and danced well, lost most of our money at the very crowded roulette tables (but it 's a distinct relief to be able to play in five-franc pieces, even in the salle privée), then down to Brummell's night-club, which was packed, and where we danced till dawn.

SAW Michael Arlen at the Carlton Bar next day, who told us that he was working hard on a new novel, and added with pride that he now bought his shirts at Austin Reed's. Perhaps, as a quid pro quo, Austin reads his novels.

EN ROUTE for Monte Carlo on Wednesday looked into the Rendez-vous Bar at Nice. Being the day of one of the big race meetings, it was packed by people drinking fleets of cocktails and consuming equal quantities of sausages. Half the clientèle were discussing form at the top of their voices, while the others, armed with a toy pistol, were proving conclusively that it was impossible for Stavisky to have committed suicide. France is turning up her nose at us in a most superior fashion. Stavisky, as a subject of conversation, has entirely ousted the Loch Ness monster, though it may be more expensive in the long run. It is computed that l'affaire Stavisky will, as a topic of conversation, last the usual nine days, when, doubtless, another excitement will be found. Managed to gather, during a lull in the various arguments, that the new roof-garden night-club at the Ruhl Hotel is the success of Nice.

Monte Carlo from Cap Martin

You are looking westwards from the beautiful gardens of the Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune, Cap Martin, one of the real beauty spots and within a quarter of an hour's car run from the Casino or International Sporting Club, where they are now going on the gold standard, so that you can experience the thrill of jingling golden eagles

WE started our frivolities by attending an excellent cocktail-party at the Metropole, given by the Douglas Thorburns. A special cocktail had been brewed, which certainly produced the get-together party spirit in record time. I was intrigued to see a famous sailor's wife wearing a string of amber pinned to one shoulder-blade and trailing down behind. The effect was peculiar, particularly as the lady in question was short and the beads very long.

THAT night there was a very successful gala dinner at the Sporting Club, and of the many parties that given by Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim was one of the cheeriest. Lord and Lady Horder were among the guests. They have thoroughly enjoyed their stay at the Imperial Hotel at Mentone, for, being great walkers and botanists, they are there surrounded by wonderful country. Nowhere on the whole Riviera, in my opinion, is the scenery more beautiful than in the mountains which shelter Mentone from the north. Sir Henry and Lady Norman, Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, and "Tottie" Harwood completed the party. The latter, though in excellent form, does not appear unduly elated by the apparently great success of his new play, *The Old Folks at Home*.

LATER that evening, I listened to some of the best Irish stories I 've ever heard, told by that inimitable raconteur and, incidentally, famous trainer, Frank Hartigan. Lord Reading and his wife were playing trente et quarante. He possesses a delightful expression, and has one of the most charming smiles—and I don't think he was winning.

Lord Derby, with the Vicomtesse du l'Hermite, the wife of one of the stewards, photographed at Nice, where Lord Derby is on holiday

Idols in Wood: No. 13. Latin Lads

This week our artist, S. D. Banks, has placed in juxtaposition, Signor Primo Carnera and Signor Benito Mussolini as his two models which he has carved out of wood. Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand. The originals are for sale

DUNLOP
C.F.H.

Music (and all That): British Music Again

By "Melos"

THE children are being packed off to school and the symphony concerts are upon us again. It is considered by those who arrange these matters that schoolboys and schoolgirls should not listen to serious music in London in the winter-time and that nobody at all should listen to it in July. Perhaps this last is governed by the thought that in the East only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, and that we must take care that nothing of the sort happens in the West End of London.

The Festival of British Music, which had nothing very festive about it, has now petered out. I 'm afraid that is *le mot juste*. It will take years to fight down the old prejudices, which the younger critics do their best to keep alive. But if the B.B.C. pegs away, which it can afford to do, it will win in the long run. Meanwhile, there is activity of the more jazz-like kind, also in the B.B.C., and this is, at any rate, in part British. Constant Lambert is to conduct on January 30th a "Night Club" suite, composed by Johnny Green, with the composer and Carroll Gibbons, Americans both, at the piano.

THIS should be what the film advertisements would call "a crescendoing saga" of syncopation. The film *Thunder Over Mexico* is advertised as "a crescendoing saga" of something or other—I forget what, and it doesn't in the least matter. I don't know what the phrase means, and I don't care. Johnny Green wrote that strange ditty, "I Cover the Waterfront," and has made pots of money out of it.

Meanwhile, another "light" composer, George Ponsford, who is an Englishman with some ingeniously unoriginal musical accompaniments to a film and to a musical comedy as part of his achievements, has actually written a rhapsody entitled "Broadcasting House," which could not very well do otherwise than secure a performance for it. That institution's activities continue to be manifold. To adapt Noel Coward—

> "No matter how much you grumble and grouse
> The sun never sets on Broadcasting House."

A QUITE modern development is the amateur conductor, whose joy it is to conduct a professional orchestra and who is willing to pay for the experience. While such young men are to be congratulated on their musical enthusiasm, the public deserve some degree of sympathy.

In one recent case, however, the public were spared, for the young enthusiast did not survive the rehearsals. It was not a case of his being a poor conductor, but of not being able to conduct at all. The members of the orchestra, who are wise in these matters, not to say tough, spotted this at once, and could see through assertions of "experience in Germany," "that is *my* reading of the passage," and so on. After a series of breakdowns the youth remarked to them, "I 'm afraid, gentlemen, my beat is not clear." "It 's clear enough, Sir," came from a horn-player, "but you 're beating four in a bar instead of three!"

To ask a professional conductor to take charge was the next step and the only possible one.

I DO not say that to allow a wealthy young man, almost wholly ignorant of music, to waggle a baton at an orchestra under the impression that he is conducting it should be a penal offence; it is not quite so bad as letting a youth who has never been at the wheel before drive a high-powered car down Piccadilly at mid-day. He cannot kill anybody. But the amateur conductor, with money and a thick skin, and precious little else, can cause considerable disturbance in the musical traffic. The red "stop" light should be placed in front of him permanently.

There are also one or two middle-aged conductors who are really of the same genus and who started much on the same lines, though the case I have quoted is an extreme one. "Unfortunately, they improved" was the comment of one of the more caustic of our big-wigs.

A Musical Knight

Sir Granville Bantock, Kt., M.A., D.Mus. (Edinburgh), F.R.C.M., Professor of Music, Birmingham University, since 1908, photographed at home when at work on a new score. He is busy nowadays composing for the B.B.C.

HERR FURTWANGLER, who wangles as pretty a Furt as any man in Germany, is with us again. Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Beecham, on the most tempestuous Sunday afternoon on record, gave a fine concert at the Queen's Hall with the L.P.O.

Ania Dorfmann, who was a discovery, and a good one, of the late Lionel Powell, is one of the best women pianists I know. She is not so anxious to impress the audience with her lack of feminine nonsense that she bangs and thumps and gives to everything she plays the uncompromising virility of the music of Dame Ethel Smyth. On the other hand, she does not squirm, sigh and wear gowns intended to amaze, like Miss—well, never mind. She just plays the piano (in this case, the Grieg Concerto) and plays it brilliantly.

Sir Thomas handled with his usual fire a Finnish Symphony (Sibelius' No. 1) and also an Unfinished one.

IT was rather pertinently asked the other day—why does a British composer write a symphony? It takes him several years of hard work, he has to spend money on band parts, it is not a commercial proposition, and as often as not he is made to feel like a criminal when he reads the criticisms.

The answer, of course, is that he has a soul above both commercialism and his critics. I do not imagine that Sir Edward Elgar worries much over the fact that the money that has accrued to him from his two great symphonies is almost certainly less than Miss Constance Bennett's salary for one week. And Mr. Arnold Bax is probably in the same category, for he, too, is an idealist. He has now composed five symphonies, and his fifth, just performed at the Queen's Hall, is a work of very great beauty.

THE symphony is brilliantly scored, but the scoring has not been used to cover up poverty of ideas. Each movement is a masterpiece in itself, sound, splendid music which is neither academic on the one hand nor eccentric on the other.

The Passing Picture Show: By Sydney Tremayne

Right: Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi in "By Candlelight," in which each masquerades as the Prince and the lady to whom they are really valet and maid

Below: a new picture of Katharine Hepburn as Jo, in the film version of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book. Paul Lukas also appears in this film, as the old Professor. "Little Women" will be shown at the Regal next week

"Little Women"

"Little Women"

ALL "who have tears to shed" will thoroughly enjoy this picture. The characters from Louisa M. Alcott's books are familiar and even dear to three generations of women, and the March family and their fortunes, although so remote from modern preoccupations, have not only a present appeal but exhale the evocative fragrance of memories. Male members of the audience cannot be expected to respond in the same way, and may even be slightly embarrassed by the sentimentality; but they may well succumb to the charm of the settings and the blandishments of the maidenly Marches, with their bonnets and curls and innocent affections, or even to the more vigorous candidature of the tomboyish Jo, in the person of Katharine Hepburn.

She has entered into the very skin of Jo as well as her hampering petticoats and "pantaloons." She sets the pace of the picture and mitigates any tendency to mawkishness with her strident voice, her exuberant gaucheries, and her spirited eruption into the home and hearts of old Mr. Laurence and his grandson. The chastened Jo of the latter part of the picture is not, perhaps, so completely convincing in Katharine Hepburn's long-fingered, virile hands, but she makes a new essay in tenderness and her voice finds hitherto undiscovered tones, both musical and moving.

Joan Bennett aptly impersonates the selfish but attractive Amy, and looks delicious; and though the sisters are perforce over-shadowed by Katharine Hepburn's Jo, neither Frances Dee, as Meg, nor Jean Parker, as Beth, is eclipsed, but the latter seems to over-stress Beth's sickliness. The male characters have been subordinated to the "Little Women"—perhaps they were never so firmly drawn—and Douglas Montgomery's Laurie is not wholly satisfactory; but the best of the uniformly good performances is that of Paul Lukas, unrecognisably disguised as the Professor.

"By Candlelight"

ANOTHER favourable illumination of Paul Lukas's talents. In this airy and witty comedy he is the valet who so admires the technique of the philandering Prince, his master, that he borrows his name, his rooms, his clothes, and his mots to entertain and impress a lady whom he has met in a train de luxe. The Prince returns unexpectedly, enters into the comedy, and rapidly discovers what Joseph has ignored—that the clandestine visitor is also a masquerader. She is, in fact, maid to one of his Highness's lady friends. Joseph's blindness is the more surprising since servants are infallible judges of social status, and Marie, as played by Elissa Landi, is a blatantly common little baggage. Miss Landi is reputed to be of royal descent, so the fault must be over-acting! She is surely the most unfortunately photographed actress on the screen. She can be quite beautiful, but often, during *By Candlelight*, she appears almost ugly.

Nils Asther, as the Prince, a mildly sardonic professor of light and luxurious love, is a perfect foil to Lukas's humorous conception of the amative amateur, and both give full value to the amusing complications in this nimble nocturne.

"Sealed Lips"

WHY does Constance Bennett consent to play parts which give her no opportunities to show the acting talent she certainly possesses or possessed? This old spy story has been so often rehashed that it has lost all savour. Every situation in *Sealed Lips* is hackneyed. Constance Bennett is the beautiful blonde spy in love with a member of the counter-espionage, who finally tracks her down. What wonder that the vitality seems to have gone out of Constance Bennett's acting and, incidentally, out of her beauty. Large eyes, lovely hair, and charming clothes do not, alone, engender enough star-dust to blind the eyes of the least critical.

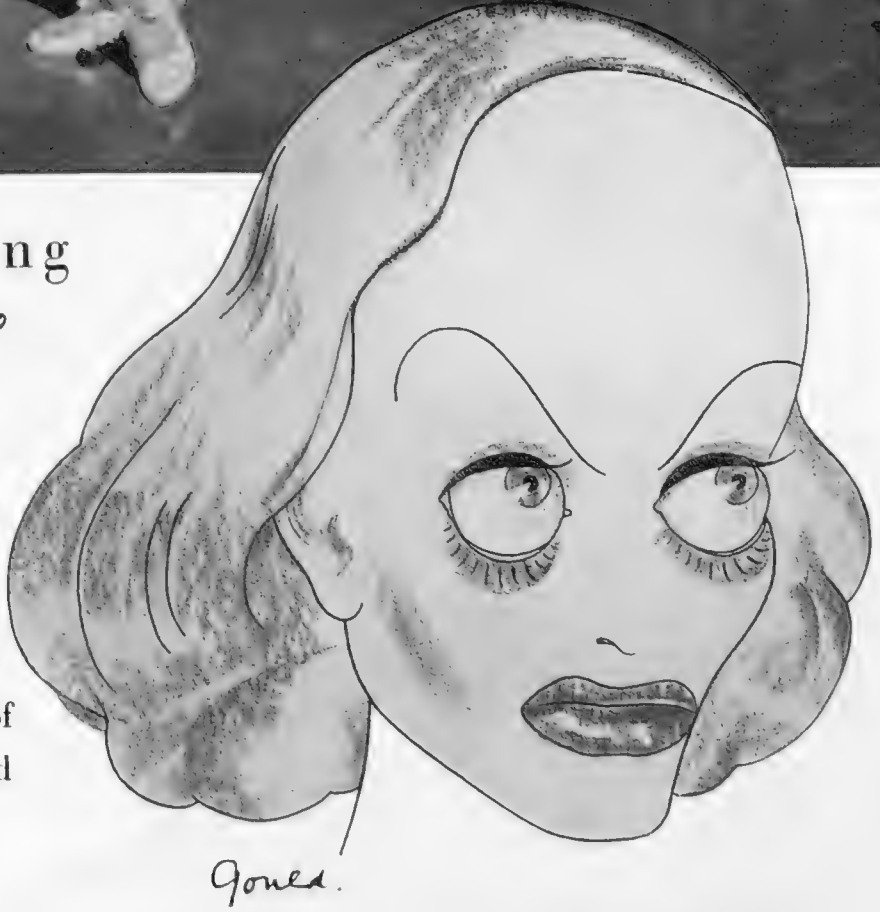
"By Candlelight"

"Female"

IN this crudely-titled film, Ruth Chatterton plays the part of a girl who has inherited a vast motor business, and the talent and inclination to run it on the most hustling, modern lines. It is her habit, or hobby, to pick out personable young employees, invite them to her house, and amuse herself by reducing them to a state of infatuation, only to put them severely back in their places at the works next day.

Tired of sycophancy, she has an anonymous adventure at a shooting gallery with a young man whose invulnerability is among his apparent attractions—the rest being the forthright manliness of George Brent's physique and method. He turns out to be an engineer, newly-engaged at her works. Her usual tactics fail, which naturally (sic) confirms her interest. The story is trite, but it is unrolled briskly amid all the movement of machinery and the luxury of the lady's home, complete with swimming-pool. Ruth Chatterton brings her exceptional artistry to the conscientious development of Alison Drake's character. She makes every part she plays interesting and attractive. Her assured technique is as delightful as her explicit femininity.

"Dancing Lady"



Two Views of Joan Crawford

IT was for "Dancing Lady," shown at the Empire a few weeks ago, that Joan Crawford dressed like this, and nimbly flourished a pair of cymbals. In that story of back-stage life, she co-starred with Clark Gable, and Fred Astaire made his film début. She is a flamboyant creature, this Joan, and boundlessly ambitious, they say. She wants to be as great as Garbo—perhaps this idea of hers accounts for the slightly Garboesque coiffure that Gould has given her in his sketch. She will be appearing in what is described as "the latest multi-star extravaganza," "The Hollywood Party," in the cast of which Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Laurel and Hardy, and Mickey Mouse are a few more of the important names

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 34. Frank Whitbread

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

FRANK WHITBREAD is exceedingly tall, lean, and spectacled, and, in fact, quite unlike the brewer of your imagination. He has a passion for crumpets, and a hatred of cubists, loving-cups at public dinners, and modern music.

Like the Barons who smoke Craven "A," he always drinks his own beer. He also likes old brandy, Eton fives, jugged hare, and the Strong Two at contract. For eight years he was Chairman of the House Committee at Brooks', of which he is still a member. He has just joined the Turf Club. In the past he has belonged to Arthur's and White's and the Bachelors'.

He never bets more than ten pounds on a horse, and one year was actually a hundred and fifty pounds to the good. He wears a stiff double collar and a bow-tie, inhales his cigarette-smoke with a faint hissing sound, has a great admiration for Lord Trenchard, and seldom has time to go to the Brewery. This is because most of it is taken up with the National Trade Defence Union, not to mention little trifles like the chairmanship of Aldenham School, the treasurership of Guy's, the chairmanship of the Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners, and the vice-chairmanship of the N.S.P.C.A.

ONE of the biggest days in his life was September 2nd, 1908, when he organised the largest demonstration ever held in Hyde Park. Coming from all parts of the country in ninety-seven special trains, and from every quarter of London, four hundred thousand people assembled to protest against Asquith's Local Veto Bill. The result was that the House of Lords threw it out, and it has remained dead ever since.

As a boy he went to Eton and on to Trinity, Cambridge. To-day, at the age of sixty-six, he is very proud of the fact that every tooth in his head is his own, and that there is scarcely a speck of grey in his hair. He has dark blue eyes, and with his crabbed sense of humour he makes a very charming host. His principal hobbies are shooting and going to Norway for salmon-fishing.

He married the daughter of the fourth Lord Sudeley thirty-nine years ago, and has a son and a daughter. Very properly, he has always been opposed to any interference with the reasonable refreshment of the working man, and personally affords an excellent testimonial to its gifts of health and good temper.

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

If the house-parties over Christmas and the New Year could disgorge their secrets, the revelations might end in revolutions. When Parliament shuts down, when Members are scattered in Switzerland or in their constituencies (it all depends on the Seat), when, without a pang of conscience, we feel we can discard our blue-books for the latest thriller, then is the time when plans are made and plots thicken.

The manœuvrers and the intriguers get to work; memoranda are written and circulated; there are comings and goings; it is the home of the Tadpoles and the Papers. But once back in Westminster again, with the old influences as powerful as ever, Captain Margesson in his place at Number Twelve or in the corner seat, the movements come to a stop, the cliques are silent, the thunder dies away, and we go on doing just as we are told.

There is a good deal of swapping experiences after every holiday. It is one's school days over again; the new boys pointed out; the terrific deeds of the big fellows during the vacation discussed and deplored; the arguments as to who has actually skated on the thinnest ice, the moments of the weeks ahead shuddered at or derided.

If there are to be political developments, to use a hackneyed expression, by kind permission of the B.B.C., now is the time for them—the week before the House re-assembles. The advance guard are here already; the Carlton Club is filling up. Mrs. Baldwin has sent out the invitations for her "At-Homes"; we are off.

Sir Basil Peto's resignation from Barnstaple at the next election was not, I think, generally expected, though in Devonshire it will not cause so much surprise. I understand his successor has been decided upon, a young Devonian, ex-Grenadier country gentleman. Barnstaple is not a "safe" seat, though I think it would never have forsaken Sir Basil. On the other hand, there are some people who say that if he had not fallen foul of his Chief Whip, then Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, and been excommunicated from the Party, he would never have held the seat in 1929.

There is nothing constituents like more than to have as their Member a man who is prepared to vote against his own pundits and to face the consequences. Nowadays most M.P.s prefer to pander and square their consciences.

At Portsmouth the Jolly Roger is being hoisted almost before he is launched. The Tories, as opposed to the National Conservatives, are determined to off-set Guildford, which, so far, they are forced to acknowledge as a defeat. Lord Midleton batted in his best style on a very sticky wicket, but he was clean bowled. And his friends are now faced with putting up their own unofficial candidate or rallying round the Liberal, Mr. Stopford Brooke.

Whatever happens, poor Lord Stonehaven will be blamed. He has proved himself to be a brave man, be it shouted from the house tops and in the House as well, by promising to attend one of the evenings of the 1900 Club. They will be up and at him; Colonel Gretton isn't their Chairman for nothing.

Then some of Sir Henry Page-Croft's partisans will be there. They will have something to say. They are taking an interest these days in cooking and they cannot be expected to approve of the official frigid air.

Mr. MacDonald is not, I imagine, relishing the advance notices of the forthcoming publishing season. Lord Snowden, in his autobiography, and Mr. Macneill Weir, in the life-story of his former Chief, are bound to have some home truths to tell that were better at home, the latter especially. He was Mr. MacDonald's parliamentary private secretary, but in the crisis of 1931 preferred the old shadow to the new substance.

The wheel has turned full circle. In 1922, when he first won Clackmannan, he beat a Liberal, a Mr. Craigie Aitchison, and the sitting Member, a Major Ralph Glynn, was at the bottom of the poll. For seven years faithfully he served the present Prime Minister; reward: he lost his seat by seven thousand at the last election.

Mr. Aitchison, via devious Socialist and National Labour paths, finds himself on the Scottish Bench. Mr. MacDonald's p.p.s. since 1931 has been the Conservative Member for Abingdon, but he also has faithfully served his Prime Minister. He has reaped his reward within two years, but perhaps Sir Ralph Glynn's baronetcy won't allow him to add a supplement for Mr. Weir, which is a pity.

It was known that Mr. Esmond Harmsworth looked favourably upon Sir Oswald Mosley's Black Shirts, but the *Daily Mail* of last week had the effect of a bomb, near Downing Street. No one seems to know quite what to expect next. After all, the *Daily Mail* is not entirely unconnected with the *Daily Express*. If Castor and Pollux get together there is no knowing what the Leader will bring forth.

"Whatever happens, poor Lord Stonehaven will be blamed. . . . They will be up and at him. Colonel Gretton isn't their Chairman for nothing"

GOING OUT

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Audrey Simpson wore an Alice band but no hat, at the same cocktail-party

Princess von Bismarck was on the balcony

At Miss Kit Hagen's cocktail-party: the hostess talks to Lord Hindlip, and Bernard Nedell talks to his wife, Olive Blakeney; in front, Claire Luce and Ian Peebles

Mrs. Tommy Sale wearing a white ermine cap and scarf

Mrs. Woolley Hart at Miss Hagen's party at Quaglino's

PRINCE GEORGE went off to South Africa last week. At a farewell party at the Embassy Club he entertained Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger—the last-named is going to America shortly, on a visit, the first time for nine years. The Princess Royal has decided to take Lord Harewood to Morocco; from Tangier they will go to Jerusalem, and will be back in England about the beginning of April.

Prince George is expected to call at Madeira on his trip, and will be sure to lunch at Reid's. Madeira has been a great centre for the racing fraternity this winter—Sir Abe Bailey and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe put in there on their way to the Cape. The former had on board several of his racehorses, which might have been used to take the out-size in captains in a carros up to the hotel, for I gather the mules jibbed a bit at his weight. Harry Wragg, H. Leader, and Jack Jarvis were there; also Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, the K.C., who is so famous in divorce cases. The place is all sunshine, poinsettias, and bougainvillas, so writes my floral correspondent.

MISS "KITTEN" HAGEN—she and her mother are two attractive Americans who live for part of each year at Claridge's—gave a cocktail party at Quaglino's. By the way, Quaglino senior has been to Paris, and tells me he has combed the Continent for cabarets—"No monkey business, either," he added. His Apéritif Grill is the fullest pre-theatre resort—but I am unlucky when I go there over frogs'-legs. The ponds outside Paris have lately been frozen over, and they have been unable to fish for the frogs.

Miss Hagen entertained several Mayfair pairs—the Simpson sisters, Mr. Billy Gardner and Lady Phyllis Allen, Lord Hindlip and Mrs. Jacqueline Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Sale, Captain Frank Covell and his aunt, Mrs. Bill Curnick, Bernard Nedell and Olive Blakeney. Mrs. Woolley Hart's coat proclaimed that there had been a rough time lately for seals, Miss Peggy Johnson's did ditto as regards sables. She is just off for a cruise, as is the elder Simpson sister. Sir Wyndham Portal and Claire Luce added an atmosphere of bank-notes and blondes. Sir Wyndham makes the notes at Laverstoke. Miss Luce is the fair-haired star of *Gay Divorce*.

THEATRICAL first-nights were not very prominent last week. There was one at the Embassy Theatre, where we saw the rather tiresomeness of a *Genius at Home*, in the person of Thomas Carlyle. No genius these days is allowed to be nearly such a boor in the home circle, but those old Victorians got away with smoke. On Thursday at the Ambassadors Baliol Holloway produced some Sheridan—*The Rivals*. Many people who thought Mrs. Malaprop a character from Thackeray or Dickens should now know better.

The real rivals, however, on that night were the management of the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, who had collected all the regular first-nighters to see the opening of *Liebelei*. This is a Viennese film, which it was a pleasure to see after the average Hollywood tripe. These Continental films seem just as popular with our audiences as the American obviousnesses—earlier in the week, at the Rialto, I had noticed Sir Philip Sassoon, M. de Facci Negreti, of the Italian Embassy, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg watching *Le Petit*

TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

wearing white satin, at the Embassy

More personality notes at the Embassy: Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston, Mrs. Jane Moore and Lord Castlerosse

Lady Moira Combe dancing, and Mr. Jim Lawrence sitting

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley at the Embassy, she wearing black velvet and gardenias

Lunch-time at the Ritz: Mrs. "Donnie" Player and Lord Brownlow, and Lady Patricia Latham

Roi, in which the boy Robert Lynen gives a fine performance, although he has to indulge in rather too much "mummy-darling" stuff at the end.

In *Liebelei* there is a nice, sad ending, which caused a concerted rush to the excellent refreshments provided by Captain Richard Pinto at the ensuing reception. Captain Pinto has been directing the policy of the Academy Cinema with great success for the past year, searching for good films all over Europe. *Liebelei* has been running for seven months in Paris—almost a record for a film in that city. In the audience were Lady Carisbrooke, Sir Lionel and Lady Earle, many Rothschilds and Jessels, Lord and Lady Erleigh, the St. John Hutchinsons, Sir Maurice and Lady Jenks, Lady Mount Temple, and about three hundred other invited guests—no wonder the rival missed a lot of patrons.

Mrs. Claude Beddington, who was audibly delighted with the Silly Symphony (*Noah's Ark*), had that day been presiding over one of her famous "afternoons," to view her new Renaissance (cinque-cento) room. The Egyptian Minister, Lord and Lady Milne, Conchita Supervia, Margaretta Scott all managed to avoid slipping up on the tiger skins on the highly polished floor, and admired the beauties of the room instead. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple Champneys made a last appearance before sailing for Central America.

Yvonne Printemps is here in London, staying at the Ritz, and working very hard to perfect her English for Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece*. This is due to open at His Majesty's towards the end of February—the box office has already had demands for 1600 stalls for the first night, none of them farther back than the sixth row!

NIGHT life is very flourishing in the West End, in spite of the fact that numbers of people are cruising, winter-sporting, sitting in Madeira, or hopping round the local town halls, representing "The County." The Savoy has been full every night, with the Can-Can Girls as a great attraction. At the Dorchester there is a new batch of "Les Girls," about whom more next week.

Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, who is just off to Palm Beach from New York, advises me to keep a watch for Marion Chase, who opens at the Café de Paris on February 14th—judging by her photographs, I certainly will. A new dance-supper club has opened in Dover Street, called "La Maisonette." This is run by Captain Vivian, better known as the Marquis de Chateaubrun, or vice versa. It was he who brought the Kasbek restaurants to London, and so this one also has some Russian folk-song singing. Grand Duke Dmitri, Lady Erroll, and Lady Rosemary Ryan were there on the opening night.

ALL this week will the musical world be discussing the merits of Fürtwangler and his Berlin Boys, compared with Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. It is because the former play here so seldom, and that a myth has sprung up about their superhuman greatness, and that they are not English, that this terrific fuss is made about them. The orchestra of Sir Thomas Beecham, and, I will add, only under his conductorship, has all the brilliance of its rivals, and seemingly a far larger repertoire of music.

MR. PEEPS

Miss Daphne Jackson has been at St. Moritz, staying at the Carlton with Mrs. Stewart Forbes. She was one of last year's most attractive débutantes

Mrs. Edgar Selwyn is "of New York"; she was photographed on her balcony at the Palace. She works for M.G.M. as a feature player, and is then known as Ruth Wilcox. The Reed Vreelands, an American couple who live in London, have now joined Mrs. Selwyn at St. Moritz

The Hon. Francis Curzon and Miss Maureen Dunville, his stepdaughter, shopping in St. Moritz on a dull and snowy morning. Mr. Curzon has just been elected Honorary Life President of the Cresta, and one of the bends on the run has been named after him

The camera takes a nice view of a trio of snow-fliers coming down the mountain. The leading ski-girl is Miss Stella Morgan; both she and the girl on the left find short-sleeved jumpers quite warm enough wear in the famous Swiss sun

Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills and Miss Celia Palmer had arrived at St. Moritz the same day as they were photographed at Corviglia. Mrs. Wills, who was Miss Sylvia Ogden, is wearing one of the Eton jackets that have been the thing this season

Mlle. Georges Bernstein, the débutante daughter of M. Henri Bernstein, the playwright, and Baron "Nicky" de Gunzbourg are two of the contingent from Paris at St. Moritz

Miss Ena Borland, Captain Lex Wilson, Miss Nancy Frazer, and Commander James Dugdale, R.N., sitting in the sun on the terrace at the Palace. Miss Nancy Frazer was ill before Christmas, and is taking her Switzerland fairly quietly in consequence. Commander Dugdale is staying at St. Moritz with his cousin, Lord Warwick

Taking Alpine Stock

Conclusively Proves that Swiss Snow Makes People Feel Good

A Racing Reverie

Hurst Park and Windsor

By "Regular"

The Birmingham Meeting

Top: Miss Ratcliffe talking to Brigadier-General J. Rotton, whose Donnybrook was second in the Birmingham Selling Handicap Steeplechase. Below them are the Master of Gray, Baroness Gray's elder son, and Mrs. John Goldsmith, who had two horses running on the first day at Birmingham

Mrs. Aldridge talking to Sir John Grey on the first day of the Steeplechase meeting. Sir John Grey is an owner, but had nothing running at Birmingham

I HAVE been asked to name ten regular jumping people whom I 've never heard anyone speak a word against. This is a very easy job, and the following ten people come to my mind without a moment's reflection. There are doubtless many more, and furthermore there are a number of charming people who have just one or two enemies, for which I am sure they are none the worse, but which would debar them from this list.

HERE are my ten jumpers, and if they have any enemies, I haven't met them—

Billy Stott, "Rattle" Barrett, Sir Humphry de Trafford, "Crocker" Bulteel, Sir Peter Grant Lawson, General Kennedy, Billy Payne, Harry Humphries, Jim Santry, and Mrs. Rank.

THIS list includes one of our leading lady owners, two stewards of the National Hunt, two trainers, one jockey, one handicapper, the chairman of the "Blower," a bookmaker, and a racing journalist, so it can be said to be comprehensive of almost every branch of the sport.

THE attitude of the Stewards of the Jockey Club and National Hunt with regard to betting and other things reminds me very much of that of my masters at school regarding smoking among the older boys. Some of them have heard that it goes on, but they do not propose to do anything about it.

UNDER these circumstances, my grouse concerning the slowness in putting up the S.P., will, in all probability, have no effect. At Hurst Park last Wednesday the denizens of Australia and Timbuctoo had been informed of the price of the first three, but we punters in the paddock were still in the dark.

WOULD it be asking too much of Major (Have you ever seen a dream walking?) Weyland and his fellow local stewards to see that the man with the paint brush gets a move on?

NO horse in my memory can have given its owner greater fun than has little Golden Holiday. This wonderful little horse and Sir Peter Grant Lawson are an ideal combination, and their victory in the Amateurs' Handicap 'Chase was tremendously popular. I will content myself by saying that I have never seen a horse jump better than Golden Holiday or a jockey ride better than Peter Grant Lawson. They gained lengths at every fence.

"MONEY for jam," was the general opinion regarding Story of Eden in the New Year Handicap Hurdle, and I 'm afraid it would take Crosse and Blackwell all their time to produce the required amount to settle our account when Mr. Bostwick's presumed certainty came unstuck. I heard afterwards that he had broken down, and this I can well believe, as he ran too shockingly for words.

CHENANGO, Mr. Bostwick's other certainty, however, came up trumps, got us all out, and sent us home happy. This American did not jump too well, and the Ring fielded against him strongly in running, especially when they saw Danny Morgan give him a couple of clouts before they turned into the straight. Danny was seen at his very best, and in the end he won comfortably. When he learns to jump a little more fluently, Chenango may become one of our very best hurdlers, for there is no doubt he is a very high-class horse.

I INVARIABLY find that I have quite enough troubles of my own on a racecourse without bothering to listen to other people's conversation, but while quenching a well-earned thirst I could not help overhearing a charming lady exclaim: "The dirty old dog, he called me 'Luv' and then put me away," to which her equally charming companion replied: "The old so-and-so 's been off twice, and if he lives long enough he 'll be off again." I wonder to whom they were referring. I think I can guess.

I WISH here and now to deny the rumour, that, following on her race at Worcester, Blue Vision gave birth to twins (prematurely). I cannot understand how such stories get abroad, and I have her trainer's assurance that, prior to her race at Worcester, Blue Vision had not been out of her stable for weeks.

THE racing at Windsor was somewhat featureless, but we didn't mind that in the least as we nearly all made money. Following on his victory with Witch Doctor, Prince Aly Khan won a race with a most promising young fencer in Trader Prince.

THE young Prince is abroad, but he will be delighted to hear of the successes George Duller is achieving on his behalf, and what will please him more than anything regarding Trader Prince's victory is the fact that Uncle Regular backed it.

IT would take a very smart plater to beat Courtesy, and Mr. P. Herbert, who rode him extremely well himself, was lucky to get him back so cheaply after he had won.

MR. HERBERT is a soldier and is very keen to ride him in Regimental Races. Under those circumstances it was taking a big chance to run him in a seller. Horses who run in these races can become the property of the highest bidder, and under the new rule it is an offence to tap a bidder on the shoulder and say, "The Guv'nor wants him back."

THE sympathy of the whole racing world will go out to Lady Helen McCalmont on losing her grand 'chaser, Kilcash Hill. I have never seen a horse who in make and shape more completely filled my eye as the ideal Aintree type, and whose jumping was more suited to those enormous fences. His death is a cruel blow to a great sportswoman, and also to Frank Hartigan, who had schooled him so ably.

Looking at London . . .

Night Life and Weddings Supply the News

Getting Married North and South of the Park

Mr. Alan MacLeod, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacLeod, of Skeabost, Isle of Skye, and Miss Joan de Knoop, youngest daughter of the late Captain Jersey de Knoop and Mrs. de Knoop, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, the Life Guards, only son of Major Morgan-Jones of Llanmiloe, Carmarthen, and Mrs. Henry Young, and the Hon. Lorraine Berry, second daughter of the late Lord Buckland and Lady Buckland, leaving St. James's, Spanish Place, after their wedding

Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm were dancing at the Café de Paris last week. Mrs. Malcolm, who was Miss Ann Todd, has had jaundice, and this was her first evening outing

A very reasonable proportion of the people who aren't cruising in the West Indies, winter-sporting in Switzerland, or hunting in the country, assemble regularly on extension nights in London. At the Café de Paris last week were Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mr. John Drury-Lowe; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd (right); and (below) Prince Alphonse de Chimay and Mrs. Philip Kindersley

Swaebe

Swaebe

Supper and Dancing at the Café de Paris: Extension Night Views

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Mr. J. Corbett's Kiang (G. Hardy up), the winner, leading Mr. A. B. Mildmay's The Torch (Mr. A. Mildmay up), and Mr. J. Pendarve's Rosecomb (Mr. P. Herbert up) in the Dorney Steeplechase on the second day of the January Meeting at Windsor

Let us, my long-suffering brothers, discuss the true and inward philosophy of sport. A bit heavy, perhaps, but we cannot let Bloomsbury get away with it altogether. The truth is that the Bloomsbury boys have been muscling in on our racket. Mr. Wyndham Lewis—the philosopher, not the humorist, though the philosophy of one is sometimes as delightfully extravagant as the humour of the other—has been drawing analogies between the Sportsman and the Artist. The sporting attitude, says Wyndham, "is a great practical contribution to human life. It rests upon a humorous (an artistic or a philosophic) acknowledgment of our grotesque and prodigious limitations." Then Professor Alexander, delivering a National Lecture on Beauty, spoke of the admixture of the billiards-player or cricketer with his materials—bat, cue or ball—as comparable with the admixture of the creative artist with his materials—bronze, stone or paint

Well, I don't suppose Melbourne Inman will object, but what interests me is the fact that the intellectuals are admitting the muddied oafs into their universe. We ordinary folk, who like hitting a ball or riding a horse, have always suspected that we were making a great practical contribution to human life. It is a little surprising, though, and pleasantly encouraging, to find the highbrows agreeing with us. Are we to conclude that there is a return of the Greek spirit in the trend of modern thought?

Let us be clear about this. The great games player does not acknowledge the grotesque and prodigious limitations of the human race, but he is a true artist, for all that. He is concerned with the highest functions of his chosen material. As a painter says "With this brush and these colours, it is surely possible to produce certain effects," so a cricketer says "With this bat, against these bowlers, it is surely possible to produce these strokes." When L. N. Constantine, therefore, steps back and cuts a length ball from J. C. White from the off-stump square past cover to the boundary, he is an artist finding glory in the fact that human skill can achieve so much. It is this gambling with the unknown which characterises the artist; this possibly subconscious realisation that if human limitations are grotesque, the limit of human achievement has not yet been reached. A challenge to the unknown, that is the secret of it, and it is the secret which gives zest to all the great games and sports. It animates the cricketer and the footballer, the rider to hounds, the fisherman placing his fly before the nose of the wiliest of Test trout. Anyway, our thanks to Wyndham Lewis, Professor Alexander, old Uncle Joad and all. And if Len Harvey turns up for his next fight wearing a black sombrero and a pale-green shirt, and discusses conditioned reflexes with the referee, don't blame us.

R. W. G. H. Idsworth, the Old Blue, on the left, with G. I. F. Thomson and C. S. Reid, of the Oxford crew, out for a morning run on the towpath at Oxford as part of the training for the University Boat-Race

A Cricketer's Wedding

E. T. Benson, the Oxford Blue and member of the M.C.C. team which visited New Zealand in 1929-30, leaving the church at Wellington (N. Z.) with his bride, Miss Mary Richardson

Now to our customary level of rude health and heartiness. First, though, did I tell you the true story of Constantine

(Continued on page ii)

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Scaioni Studios

HEAVY orchid mauve crêpe makes this Mainbocher evening gown, which has a slight train and a matching cape edged with several rows of fringe. It may be obtained from Debenhams

MISS CLAIRE LUCE looks enchanting in a gown which has innumerable black paillettes embroidered in between a tiny red and yellow flower design.

HERE is the dress without the wrap. The décolletage at the back is cut down to the waistline and the shimmering light of the black paillettes is most intriguing. This model comes from Debenhams

Jewels from William Ogden

Some novelties from the shops.

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion by Madge Garland

THE turn-back hat has taken a turn for the better. A rakish sailor has made its appearance which is infinitely more becoming to most women than the baby's bonnet or Tudor headdress which were the two first versions to reach these fog-bound shores. Now Maria Guy has made a round sailor of Mandarin persuasion, the turn-back brim of black straw and the striped black-and-blue jersey crown topped with a tiny black-and-yellow feather. It would undoubtedly surprise any real mandarin, but I do *just* see why she called it by the name of such a respectable Gilbert and Sullivan personage.

Rose Descat has made a delicious sailor of navy-blue felt stitched in red and white, just a soft, round upturned sailor hat snatched from any boy baby's head in the Park and worn pushed mischievously to one side. Marshall's have got this, and it 's a winner. They 've also got a similar version in brown-and-white striped jersey, and for those who are not afraid to reveal the truth about their foreheads, a charming little bonnet of navy taffeta. Lots of taffeta this season, and it is an excellently cool and comfortable material to wear. Another taffeta model is shown on the opposite page, also from Marshalls, and also signed by Rose Descat.

For those who, rightly or wrongly, refuse to wear a turned-back hat there is the new from-front-to-back line, vaguely Victorian, the brim dipping slightly to one side in front, rising on either side, and dipping again at the back where it is usually trimmed with a small bow. Several early spring models in soft pedal straw of this variety are at Marshall's, who have certainly done themselves proud this year in the millinery department.

IF you 're going out rather late to get the cream of the snow, if you know what I mean, or even if you merely want to cause a sensation on the golf course, I suggest a visit to Leathercraft. I 've always had a liking for patchwork, ever since I fell in love with Harlequin at my first pantomime, and later with Petrouchka, and once made a whole sofa-full of cushions out of tiny bits of coloured silk; but Alex Lord, designer and leading light of Leathercraft in Berkeley Street, has made a short jerkin entirely out of multi-coloured bits of suède. I don't suggest any homework of this description, but properly made and the colours (they were chiefly pinks and browns) worked into an attractive design the effect can be charming. The pleased lady in the sketch above is wearing this. Leathercraft have also got the most adorable little coats of plain leather, and lots of suggestions for the woollen jumpers beneath.

I'VE just been allowed to see some advance designs of summer dresses and suits. They are chiefly of the new uncrushable linen, or of an almost transparent weave in mixed flax and cotton, and were cut on straight and simple lines. Eccentricities were conspicuous by their absence. Coat-sleeves were straight and neatly attached to the shoulders, without any epaulettes or extra stiffening, waists were "normal," and accentuated by novel but not too noticeable belts, skirts were medium length, cut on the straight and with inset pleats. Necklines were interesting, and so were shoulders. For instance, one pale-green linen dress and short coat had a navy-blue shoulder yoke, which continued over the top of the sleeves, while another band of the navy accentuated the waistline. Jumpers have returned to life, and coats were chiefly three-quarter length. These are often lighter in colour than the dress beneath: dull pink over nigger was one combination, pale grey over a darker shade another.

For real hot-weather wear, dresses were backless, but all boasted little matching coats, and nearly all were carried out in two-colour schemes. A novelty was a coat and skirt of white linen patterned in a tiny red-and-green flower design, and with the straight revers of the coat stitched in a diamond pattern to give it body. There is a great revival of pastel shades: soft greens, faded pinks and pale blues, and the suits were one and all accompanied by small hats of the same material with round, turned-up brims. These were actually shown me by the designer, but if anyone lucky enough to be going to a warm climate wants them, I will try and find out when and where they can be obtained. I say I 'll *try*. M. G.

SEATED figure on top left of the opposite page is wearing an exceptionally pretty blouse from Marshalls. It is made of blue, yellow and white plaid silk and has ends which cross and tie at the back

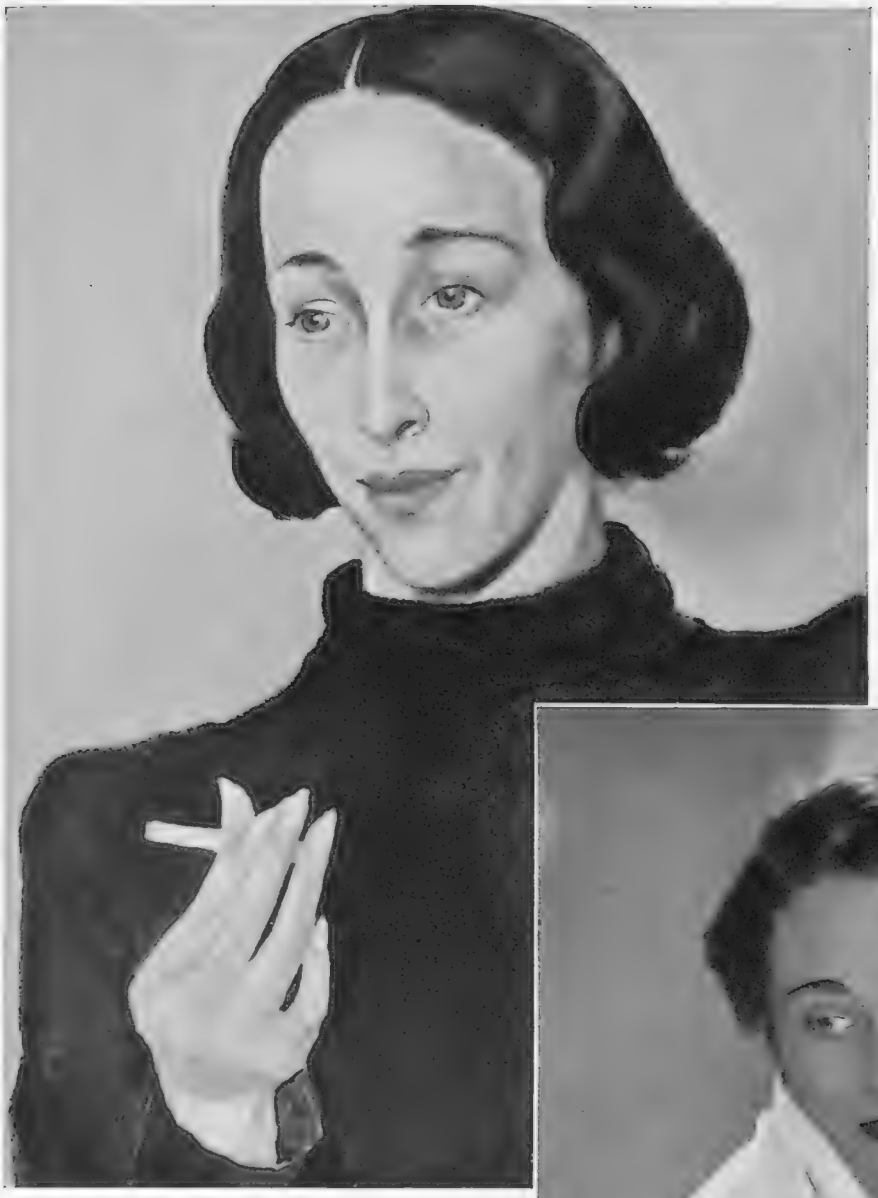
THE top left-hand figure is wearing a new two-piece dress of a lightweight tweed material in dull pink with embroidered arrow heads and a bow of navy blue. The figure beside it has on a dress made of the new Lastex material, which stretches to fit the figure and never loses its shape. May be had in several light colours from Marshalls

THE group of hats show: on the left a taffeta bonnet stitched in scarlet with a tiny red feather; a turned-up model of brown striped jersey with a tiny bow on its brim, and a new pedal straw which dips slightly both in front and at the back. All three from Marshalls

AN Agnès-Drecoll model from Marshalls has a black wool coat and a black-and-white silk dress patterned in arum lilies. The coat is edged with appliqués of the same material

Girl with a Cigarette

Margaret Rawlings Poses for Her Portrait in Two Mediums



Margaret Rawlings
By Ruby Boardman

Margaret Rawlings' picture by Ruby Boardman was exhibited in the latter's exhibition last summer at the Wertheim Gallery. Miss Boardman is an American artist, and studied in Paris; she writes as well as paints, and published a book of verse a year ago. In the photograph on the right, Margaret Rawlings is wearing the shorts in which she appears in a scene in H. M. Harwood's "The Old Folks at Home," at the Queen's. As Liza Kingdom, the desperately blasé, fast-living daughter of Lady Jane Kingdom (Marie Tempest), this talented young actress gives an interesting and penetrating study of a modern young woman. Miss Rawlings has been on the stage since 1927

Dorothy Wilding

Still supreme in beauty of coachwork and excellence of design and workmanship

The Humber 7-seater Pullman Limousine £735

The new Humbers have once again confirmed the verdict of experienced motorists—that Humber have always been one of the world's finest cars. And no models give finer expression to the traditionally classic Humber line, or show clearer evidence of the superlatively high standard of Humber workmanship, than the handsome 7-seater Pullman range.

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"16/60" - - *from* £405
Triplex glass throughout.

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Cannons of Hollywood

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 2

Mr. and Mrs. Iain Murray

Mr. and Mrs. Iain Murray were married just over a year ago, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and now live in Great Cumberland Place; they can give most of their contemporaries points as regards good looks, and are a most popular couple. Mrs. Murray was Miss Angela du Boulay, the daughter of the late Col. A. H. du Boulay, D.S.O. Her husband is the only son of Sir Malcolm Murray, K.C.V.O., who is Comptroller and Equerry to the Duke of Connaught. Mr. Murray's mother, who died in 1931, was an aunt of the Earl of Aylesford

LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

Compiled for "Bystander" Readers by Charles Graves

An Attraction at Ciro's

Dancing in cabaret is always a feature at Ciro's, and above is a most attractive one, the celebrated dancer, Brigitta, who, with the famous Anton Dolin, delights Ciro's guests

The Dorchester

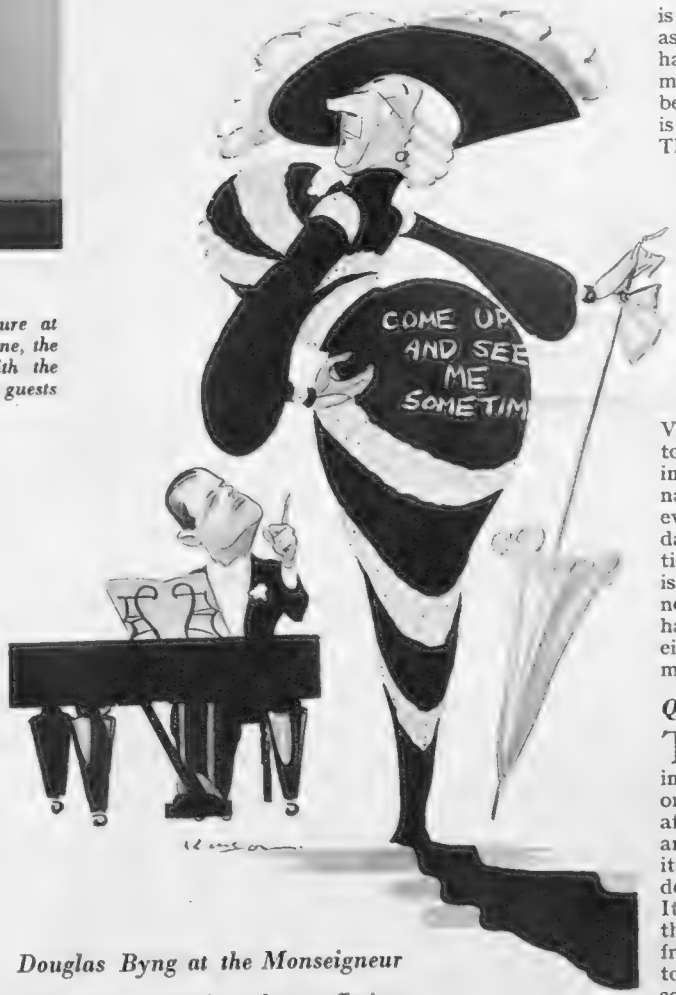
With the threatened return of prosperity, London's restaurants and supper-clubs are outdoing themselves in new attractions. On Monday the new shipment of "Les Girls" made their début at the Dorchester (extension night, Thursday). There are six show girls and twelve dancers, one of whom, Helene Murano, is the smallest girl to have the proud distinction of being one of Earl Carroll's Vanities. Margot Haller, a little girl from old Heidelberg, and Ida Michael are also easy to look upon. Nor should one forget Jayne Manners and Caja Eric, two of the most famous show girls in New York, who are likely to have a big social success over here. Jayne Manners, by the way, can trill no mean song.

The star of the new show is Mitzi Mayfair. She is a seventeen-year-old brunette and gets one hundred and seventy-five pounds a week. Nice work, Mitzi! The other principals are the Diamond Brothers, who are comedy dancers, and Nick Long (junior). But it is too bad that our beautiful Evelyn Crowell has returned to Paradise—or, rather, the Paradise Club, in New York. I am told, however, that there is every likelihood of her being back in September, after looking in at Paris, Monte Carlo, and Biarritz. Let us hope so.

The Embassy

Thursday is also extension night at the Embassy. Ambrose and his band have put the Club back to where it stood three years ago. Many people think that his music is the pleasantest to listen to as well as to dance to in London. This one *can* say—Gualdi, the restaurant-manager, who succeeded Peter (still languishing in an Italian nursing-home), has undoubtedly improved the cuisine in the past eighteen months. I would sooner eat hors d'œuvre at lunch-time there than any other dish at any other time of day in any other restaurant or club, with the possible exception of a carpet-bag steak at Ciro's, of which more anon. Meantime, here is a poser. How many of the waiters at the Embassy have been there ever since it was the Four Hundred Club, owned by Albert de Courville? Well, there is one. The Embassy is as much patronised by royalty as ever, and now that the directors have bowed to the vanity of the male as well as the female members in restoring the mirrors, it is as much fun as ever it was. There are still only two members who dare go there regularly in a dinner jacket as opposed to a white tie. I mean the Duke of Westminster and Lord Queensberry. Only once in the history of the Club has anybody ever got in at night in day clothes. This was the redoubtable Will Rogers, who wore a stiff white shirt with a dark blue serge suit, and got away with it. You can always be certain that if Prince Vigo of Denmark, or Sem, the cartoonist, or Maurice Chevalier are in London, they will all gravitate naturally to the Embassy. I can even recall seeing Miss Gladys Cooper dancing there with Rudolph Valentino. One of the joys of the Embassy is that flashlight photographers are never allowed. It is true this did happen once at an engagement party eighteen months ago, but this was a mistake, and it will never be repeated.

Nancy Logan

Singer of songs and performer on the piano at the Café de la Paix, who makes her first appearance in the cabaret there this week

Douglas Byng at the Monseigneur

"Here's your collection, take my affection, Stop me, and buy one for good." This exquisite sentiment is from Douglas Byng's new song which he is singing in the character of the only Mäe West, with Edward Cooper lending assistance at the piano

Quaglino's

The Quaglino Brothers continue to flourish. Their success, at dinner in particular, is phenomenal, and is only surpassed by the Savoy, which, after all, is a much larger place and spends much more money on its cabaret. It is always being redecorated, and is better each time. It is a great advantage nowadays that you can descend to the grill from the restaurant without having to go out along the pavement to do so. Quaglino's is more or less the spiritual home of the Western brothers. But, unlike some other restaurant-managers, Quaglino does not rely all the time on the same old turns. One week he will have an assortment

NIGHTLY AT MIDNIGHT

at The Dorchester

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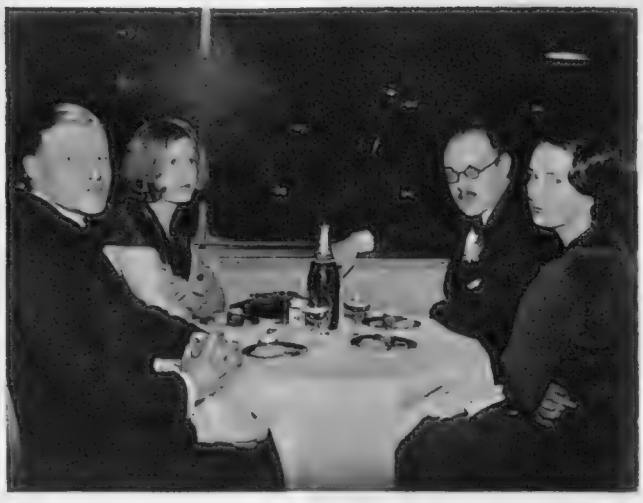


Swaebe

The Ice Club, Millbank

Mr. P. W. Pitt, Lady Melchett, Lord Melchett, and Miss Vivian John dining in the restaurant at the Ice Club

of Austrian fräuleins. The next week you will probably be entertained by a couple of French singers. I need hardly remind you that Wednesday is their extension night. In the way of food, I can particularly recommend the eighteen-day diet sole, and also the Russian dishes. Mr. Winston Churchill is a regular client. Sir Oswald Mosley—alas! never in a black shirt, however—is another regular patron.

That is the joy of Quaglino's. You never know who will be at the next table. It may be Peggy Joyce. It may be Princess Bismarck. In any event, you have Van Straten's orchestra, which has now become as much a part of the restaurant as the furniture. By the way, if you have not yet tried the Apéritif Grill, in Jermyn Street, which is Quaglino's latest venture, I should advise you to do so, particularly if you are a fan of Fred Astaire. He has supper there, at the second table on the right as you go in, almost every night after *Gay Divorce*.

The Cossack

SINCE John de Forest became the manager of the Cossack, in Jermyn Street, the place has become both gay and crowded. I am not altogether fond of the mural decorations done in the Russian style (though, fortunately, without tapestries), but I always get a good laugh when I look at the mediæval Russian honeymoon couple near the door, on the wall on the left. There are three orchestras here, one of them being, I suppose, the only coloured band playing in the West End now. Its leader is Rudolph Dunbar. The second orchestra is Tommy Kinsman's—an eight-piece affair; while the third is Sidney Witz and his Boys, with Barry Mill at the piano. The Cossack has Thursday as its extension night. When I was there last I noticed the red pelicans on the ceiling with interest. Oh, by the way, the non-vintage Bollinger here is only 17s. 6d. a bottle, and everything else is in proportion. Oh, yes, a further attraction is Mary Stuart, a charming soprano who sings unexpectedly from the table at which she is sitting, every now and then.

Ciro's

I WAS talking just now about the carpet-bag steak at Ciro's. You should try it yourself. It is done with oysters. In fact, I have started a weekly pilgrimage there every Thursday for a different steak each week—Château Briands, plank steaks, porterhouse steaks, and carpet-bags. With its orange-and-green decorations and its excellent barman (try his "Emerald Star" cocktail), it is a merry though extremely sophisticated place. Cabaret turns tell me that it is harder to please the members and guests at Ciro's than anywhere else in London. This week Anton Dolin and his partner, Brigitta, are dancing there.

At the Café de la Paix

Louis Simmonds, the conductor of the fine orchestra at the Café de la Paix, late of the Embassy Club orchestra

Prince George is a frequent visitor to Ciro's. Automatically, too, you see the Milford Havens, the Thursbys, and the Milbankes. Maurice Winnick is one of my favourite orchestra leaders. He used to be at the Carlton. If you want to get a table on Tuesday (the extension night, as you know), it is better to order it three or four days ahead.

The Café de la Paix

THIS business of securing Society beauties to act more or less as social manageresses is spreading. I am told that negotiations have been started by Bruni at the Café de la Paix to secure the services of Lady Bridget Poulett and Miss Valerie Lynch, the daughter of the former Secretary of the International Sportsmen's Club. The Café de la Paix is a cheerful spot. Incidentally, it has just taken on the orchestra which held the fort at the Embassy Club between the departure of Jack Harris and the return of Ambrose. The Suprême de Volaille en Papillotte is worth ordering, and so is the Canape of oyster and caviare. The lighting is kind to women, and the cellar is good. What is more, being in Swallow Street, it is as handy as you please.

The Monseigneur

THE inimitable Douglas Byng has a whole lot of new songs at the Monseigneur. I do not know which I like best. There is the parody of Mae West silently asking you to come up and see her some time. There is also his complete cabaret turn of a pantomime. He also does Arthur Wimperis's famous song about the elegant young man. The parchment-and-pink décor is a great improvement on the original maroon-and-navy blue

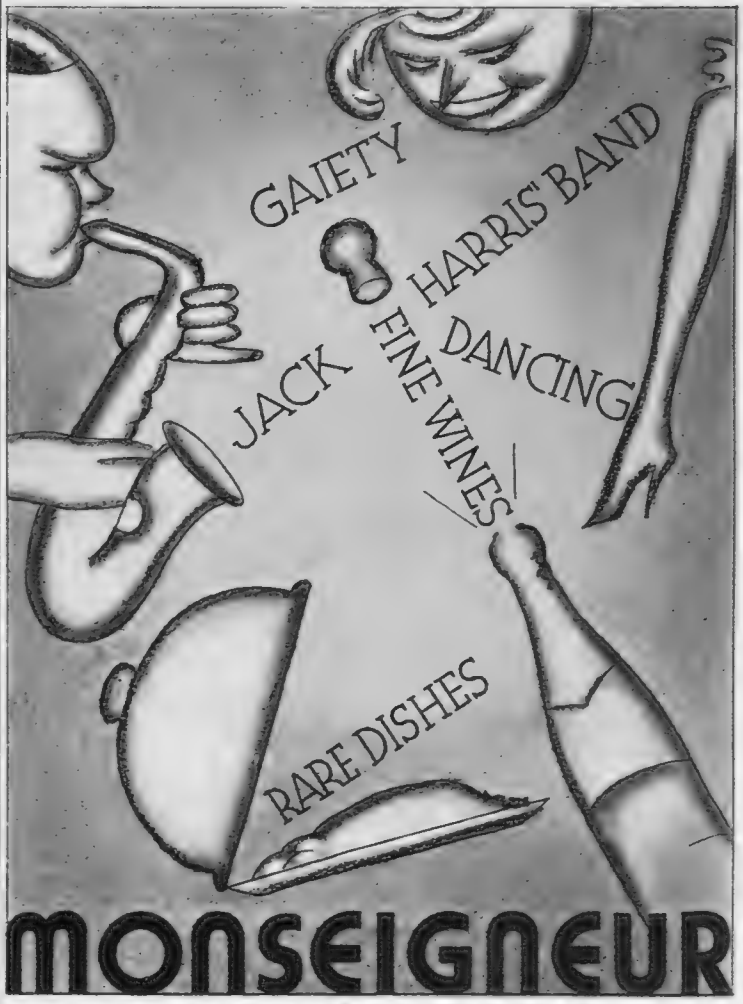
Vanity Fair

Scene at the opening night of Vanity Fair, the newest rendezvous for a party, where the hosts are "Miss Becky Sharp," "Colonel Rawdon Crawley," and the "Marquis of Steyne"

Dance Bands of the Day

Jack Jackson, of the Dorchester

JACK JACKSON has had a phenomenal success. Here he is playing at the crack hotel of the world at the age of twenty-five. What is more, the engagement of himself and his band was the first occasion they appeared in public. He himself is a brilliant trumpet player. He stays up until 5 a.m. almost every morning writing music. His band is very popular on the air, and was the best possible successor to Ambrose's Blue Lyres. His records are charming, too.



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dancing with louis simmonds', late embassy club band, from 9 o'clock
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Famous Restaurateurs

No. 4. Ferraro, of Ciro's

GUSTAVO FERRARO is the shyest restaurant manager in London, but he is a very nice chap. With his stoop and rather sad blue eyes, he is unmistakable. Brother of the immaculate Filippe Ferraro of the Berkeley, he was born at Firento, near Naples. He has an English wife. She was a governess whom he met on a day trip to Ostende.

His great passion in life is gardening, and his especial delight in London are fruit-trees. When he can get away from Orange Street he goes to Hamble for the deep-sea fishing. Not so long ago one used to see him at nearly every race meeting near London on a Saturday afternoon, but I do not think that the horses were very kind to him. Perhaps that is why he looks sad.

Ferraro has worked at the Berkeley, the Carlton, the Criterion, and the Savoy in London, as well as in Monte Carlo, Ostende, and St. Moritz. He once even had nine months at Leeds. But for the last fifteen years he has been identified with Ciro's, which he only left for a brief period at the Malmaison. He can even remember the Club when it was a swimming-pool. His favourite wine is a vintage claret. His favourite dish is roast beef with horse-radish sauce, and baked potatoes. He has a son and a daughter, the latter in the foreign branch of Martin's Bank, and the former in a steel window-making company.

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CABARET

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TO

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OF

AILEEN STANLEY

(The Gramophone Girl)

MAURICE WINNICK'S CIRO'S CLUB ORCHESTRA

colour scheme. What is more, two or three thousand pounds have been spent in making the place airy. Jack Harris is there with his band, which includes Billy Bell, my favourite big bassoon player. Bell used to play at the Embassy at night and be a Guardsman by day. I should think it must be a record. Jack Harris himself, of course, has a big following. I am told that the Monseigneur does a better lunch business than anywhere in the West End, except the Ritz Hotel. On February 5th Francis Williams, the American film and radio star, will be the cabaret attraction for one month.

The Piccadilly Hotel

ONE thing I like about the Piccadilly is that it had the originality to have its extension night on Friday. This week its cabaret includes Walsh and Arnold, two American boys who sing "The Last Round-Up," and things like that; and the Three Emeralds, who are tap-dancers. If you really like "The Last Round-Up," you will be able to hear it there four times every night, for the cabaret comes on at 9.30 and 11.30 in the grill, and at 10 and 12 in the restaurant. One can expect a number of good turns there in the near future.

Vanity Fair

LAST and latest of the purely eating, drinking, and dancing places is Vanity Fair. It has only been open a month and is run by two gentlemen and a lady, who style themselves the "Marquis of Steyne," "Colonel Rawdon Crawley," and "Miss Becky Sharp." During the day it is an inexpensive restaurant. At night it changes its staff and its character completely, run on the lines of the Florida—you know what I mean.

It has parchment-coloured walls and an excellent little three-piece orchestra. It never closes its doors before five and frequently keeps open until seven. People suffering from insomnia, or who like to go on after the usual restaurants shut, would do very much worse than to give Vanity Fair an inspection. Prices are very reasonable.

The Ice Club

LAST of my list of London haunts is the Ice Club, at 20, Millbank. It has been entirely redecorated in peach and green, and has a new secretary—Gerald Mitchell. Its heating apparatus has been altered, and the membership has quadrupled in two months. Cold and wet Saturdays and Sundays in the winter can be passed very agreeably here. You can hire skates for a shilling. A string orchestra plays waltzes and tangoes. The food is as cheap as in the clubs in Pall Mall and St. James's. The wine list is the reverse of exorbitant, and if you have a number of guests and do not know what to do with them, it is quite a good plan to take them there to dinner and let them watch the skating. The Prince of Wales is a member, and, indeed, he learnt ice-hockey at the Ice Club. There is quite a flotilla of admirals who belong, headed by Lord Jellicoe and Sir Charles Madden. The club is open from ten in the morning until half-past ten at night, and three of "Les Débutantes" can be seen skating about very frequently there. One of the instructresses is Lady Katherine Manley, a sister of Lord Northesk. There is no doubt about it—if you want to enjoy yourself and take down your weight you should skate in the Ice Club. A girl I know lost five pounds in a fortnight—or so she says. And what could be fairer than that?

The Cossack Restaurant

John de Forest, who manages this, the latest of London's restaurants, is the famous golfer, and the ex-amateur Champion's career has been described as "from green to greens and from fairway to kitchen"

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Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

GREYHOUND-racing enthusiasts in the House are a set that we have not yet taken any public interest in, but our attention has been focussed on them by Eustace Middleton's effort the other day. We were sorry to see that he did not succeed with his dog, Wynch Cross, in his attempt to lower the record at Harringay. Cecil Samuelson and Archie Cockburn have just bought a dog called Gipsy Rite, which they are racing at the White City. Gipsy Rite's original kind of marking—white, with brown spots—seems rather in keeping with Archie Cockburn's own appearance. He is what might be described as one of the old young men of the House: affects a moustache that looks as if it ought to be attended by dundrearies, has huntin' slits in his coat, wears button-boots, and a top-hat with a Gilbey curl to its brim, and this in spite of the fact that he belongs to the rival house to Sir Walter's.

NEVILLE GLADSTONE, who has just got married to Miss Winifred Raphael, is—or, at any rate, used to be—a keen supporter of greyhound racing, and Derek Mullens, Sir John Mullens' nephew, is another. However, this subject is obviously asking for one of our exhaustive surveys to be made of it, and we will attend to the matter in the near future.

IN the meantime, talking of port and weddings, "Mickey" Gold, Harcourt Gold's son, who is half a Gilbey, of course, announced his engagement a week or two ago to Miss Elspeth Bailey. "Mickey" Gold is very much "man about town," and leads a most social life when he 's not in the City. Finally, we can't "pass the port" altogether without mentioning that most courtly and charming representative of the house of Sandeman—Mr. Theophilus Sandeman, whose snow-white hair, loose bow-tie, and delightful smile all combine to make him a real House feature. He has only another year to run before he becomes a "Father," having been a member since 1885.

Eddie Bellew

Telling a story

EDDIE BELLEW has been in the social news lately as having an adopted daughter among the coming débutantes. However, he has claims to social fame on his own account, the chief being his reputation as a raconteur; no one can tell a story, risqué or drawing-room, better than he can. He is very popular with the older members for his cheerful manner and well-chosen words of greeting; to have him enquire after one's health and well-being on a cold and frosty morning is to be made to feel a dozen years younger at least. It 's a great gift, that. Eddie Bellew is always immaculately dressed, and has about the best polished shoes in the House. He lives in Ennismore Gardens, which is nice and handy for his early morning riding in the Park.

Theophilus Sandeman

'85 Vintage

THE Stock Exchange certainly had another stodgy slice of food for thought last week, when Mr. Roosevelt made his devaluation statement. Markets had been humming along nicely since Christmas, all happy with the prospect of a good Budget, until the American news arrived to flatten everything out. Everything, that is, except the mining market, which looks like having been put well on the way to hitting new high levels. The bull-ish or bear-ish qualities of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and, indeed, the ultimate nature of the policy itself, supplied, naturally, the material for much heated controversy. Those who have been watching the U.S.A. gold drama have been under the impression that they were awaiting a decisive final act. Now they are asking themselves whether they have sat through a long and uncomfortable interval merely to be rewarded with an anti-climax, or whether the curtain has only now gone up on the prelude to the President's dollar play.

Archie Cockburn

With Gipsy Rite

THE following delightful comment on the whole subject arrived very aptly from New York last week. It is headed "A Real Definition of Inflation":—

"Professor Dingbat, of Wamdoodle College and Professor Rocking Horse of Haywire College, lived in houses just one mile apart. They visited each other frequently.

"One evening they got into a discussion of the fact that they lived one mile apart—quite a distance to travel to see each other—and that it took them a half hour to walk it. After a time the brilliant question occurred to one of them why it would not be just as satisfactory, and even more so, in fact, to have the mile 10,560 feet, instead of 5280 feet. If that change could be made they would then live only one-half mile apart.

"That was pretty good as far as it went, but it would still take them a half hour to walk the distance between the houses. They then worked out the idea that if the hour was 120 minutes instead of 60 minutes (and why would it not be?) they could walk the distance in a quarter of an hour. Then, instead of being separated by one mile or one-half hour, they would be separated by only one-half mile and one-quarter of an hour.

"But they used to carry books and other articles back and forth, and then they decided that the pound should have 32 ounces instead of only 16 ounces, and then they would only have to carry one-half as much weight.

"That led to the thought that if they reduced the dollar from one hundred cents to fifty cents, they would reduce their taxi fare in bad weather, and would have less weight of money to carry around, if they ever got any.

"At about this point the janitor came in and said: 'If youse guys will get out now, I will mop up and clean out the spittoons.'"

Some Old Rugby Players of Note at Twickenham

Dr. H. L. G. Hughes, President of Blackheath R. F. Club, who took a line in the Harlequin-Blackheath match. He is with the referee, Fl.-Lt. J. I. T. Jones

H. C. C. Laird (Harlequins), the stand-off half with ten International caps to his credit, another linesman in the Harlequin-Blackheath match

Eng.-Com. S. F. Coopper, Secy., R.F.U., and three-quarter International, who played for England seven times, with P. E. Dunkeley, the 'Quins' Captain

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

"You get carried away, don't you ? by easy enthusiasms." That is what a reader says to me, and I repeat his accusation—it is an accusation, isn't it, Sir ?—because I think it raises an interesting point.

I dare say he is right. When I see a good game of Rugby football I 'm apt to make a roof-top yell about it. That is partly because good games are rare nowadays, and the ornithologist, on meeting a dodo, is entitled to one shout, at least, of gratified surprise.

There is more to it than that, though. I saw the Harlequins and Blackheath playing first-rate football at Twickenham the other day, and the better the football became the larger grew my load of penitence and humility. Had I ever really said that the modern game was going to the dogs ? I had—not quite so baldly, perhaps—but in blacker moments my pen had certainly spread bitterness over the cheerful pages of The Bystander. And why this gall, this rancour, this unworthy solemnity ? Possibly because—here my penance reaches full measure—another reader is right when he suggests, with anonymous indignation incorrectly founded, that I am a parochial, arm-chair critic.

Not parochial, I hope, but arm-chair certainly. There 's no getting away from it, we forget too soon what Rugby football looks like from the field of play. It is one thing to sit aloft in judgment, and blame a centre for delaying his pass ; it is another to break from a scrummage, and see at close range the disposition of defence which would have made that pass unwise.

When we were playing ourselves, did we ever agree with our critics ? On broad principles they were often right, no doubt. Our scrummaging was slovenly, our tactics faulty ; these errors were perhaps obvious, and not to be denied.

Different View-points

The finer points, though—the moment you felt it in your bones that the pack was well together and it was worth while wheeling or keeping the ball ; the true quality of the forward who locked tight and shoved hard and was rarely seen in the open ; the stopping and saving of the scrum-half ; the stand-off half who nursed his forwards and was cursed for kicking too much—what did the critic see of points like these ?

It is so much a question of perspective. From the stand the game is a wide, kaleidoscopic pattern of moving players : we see the whole attack, the whole defence, and we base our judgments upon this pattern in its entirety. The player, on the other hand, sees only what lies immediately before him. He has no bird's-eye view ; his actions are determined by his relatively narrow range of vision. For this we must make allowances. We must also remember that the player knows better than we do that he has lost or gained the split second which makes the difference between success and failure. The opening which looks like a barn-door to the spectator is very often closed to the player, and the man we blame for missing a tackle may be beaten by a change of pace invisible from the stand.

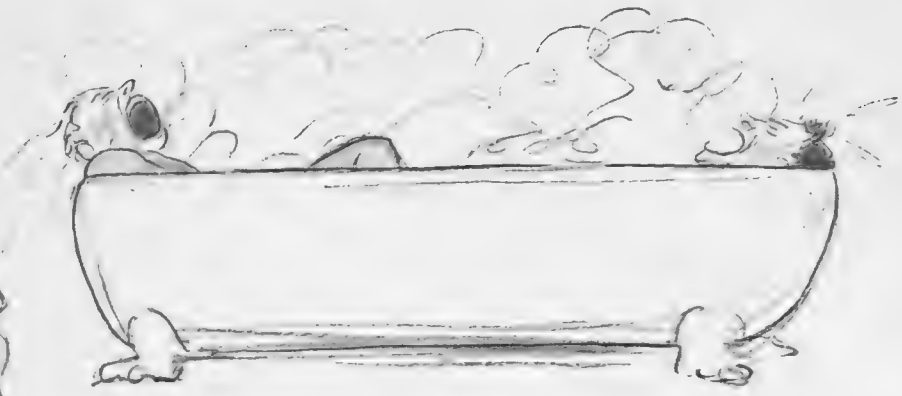
But there, I dare say you will agree that we have had enough abstract speculation. What it amounts to is that I have seen a fine club match, have been taken to task for being enthusiastic about it, am entirely impenitent, and for all my moralising shall doubtless continue to be aggravatingly dogmatic and a source of irritation to my anonymous correspondent.

As a beginning, let me dogmatise about the team which is to represent Scotland against Wales at Murrayfield on February 3rd. From all accounts, and my Murrayfield correspondent is a shrewd one, the forwards are not wholly convincing. He expresses surprise that G. S. Cottington was not picked as hooker instead of L. B. Lambie, and he thought J. M. Ritchie would have displaced W. A. Burnett. Well, that is as it may be ; I have an idea that these Scotsmen will rise to the occasion, and we shall certainly be hearing from D. A. Thom, most ebullient of opportunists. Logan and Jackson at half-back are rather like Gadney and Elliot—a strong scrum-half and a smooth stand-off half. Smooth is the word for Jackson, I think, and a complimentary word it is in these days of erratic, individualistic players.

R. C. S. Dick, the Cambridge and Blackheath centre, deserves his first Cap, for he has been in great form this year, with his strong running and his fine defence. As for R. W. Shaw, who takes Ian Smith's place on the wing, he appears to be adequately energetic, but I wonder if the Scottish Selectors will have cause to wish they had made good their claim to Lieut. B. V. T. Cowey, of Wales and the Army ? Cowey is more Scottish than Welsh, and yet he may be scoring tries for Wales at Murrayfield.

I wonder, too, what the Scotsmen will think of C. W. Jones, the Welsh stand-off half ? His qualification for Wales is not in question : I am thinking rather of his defence. I once ventured to suggest that, brilliant though his attack might be, his defence was negligible. This brought me a stern rebuke from a worthy member of the Hawks Club, who took the occasion as an excuse for expatiating upon the follies of all Rugby football writers. In such good company I was able to sustain the rebuke with fortitude, but since then a most astute judge of the game, and a Welshman at that, has seen fit to agree with me.

A Peep Behind the Scenes



J. D. Ronald and F. D. Russell-Roberts singing in the bath-tub

P. H. Tilling getting into mufti

A nosey affair: A. E. C. Prescott (left) and P. E. Dunkeley, the Harlequins' Captain

L. R. Leach almost complete again

P. R. Bowring and his midget property bag

A. L. Warr doesn't look quite so fast off the field

J. H. E. Howarth and G. J. Dean washing down with something stronger than water

The impressions of our artist, H. H. Harris, garnered in the Harlequins' dressing-room at Twickenham

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Wit, Murder, Travel, Hatred, and Delight (Old Song)

By A. G. Macdonell

Mr. Ivor Brown (*I Commit to the Flames;* Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is of the real Voltairean build. He was born in the middle of the eighteenth century, I think, and yet somehow he contrives to be still the leading dramatic critic of the 1930's. As a critic of the drama he is famous for trying to find some speck of good in even the dreariest piece, for praising, if anything can be discovered to praise. But when he is writing of fashionable crazes and follies, he flings aside all benevolence, and attacks with a pen that is as biting, as vigorous, as witty as any quill that Shaw ever drove in his palmiest days. Mr. Brown becomes positively frightening in his vehement brilliance. He takes a victim and rends it so utterly that nothing is left save an altar and a triumphant priest shouldering a smoking pen. D. H. Lawrence, Sex-Appeal, the hideous vulgarity of the Film, Negro Jazz-Music, Great White Sahibs, Public-School Education, Modern Poetry, all these and many more are furiously torn to pieces. And the amazing thing is that one feels that Mr. Brown is desperately sincere about it all. Shaw was often suspected, whether rightly or wrongly, of putting his tongue in his cheek to create an effect, of coining an epigram and twisting his argument to suit it. You never feel that with Mr. Brown. Rather the other way round—that the innumerable epigrams and puns tumble out of his mind as he writes, and that they follow the argument rather than provide fuel for it. *I Commit to the Flames* ought to become the classic example of modern irony, philosophy, and wit.

It is one of the difficulties that face writers of detective fiction that sometimes real life produces a murder-case that has all the works of imagination beaten to a frazzle. The cases of Sir Edward Marshall-Hall as retold by the late Mr. Edward Marjoribanks prove this point completely, and the series of famous trials by Mr. William Roughead are as exciting as anything which even Mrs. Agatha Christie has created. But the attractiveness of the real-life murder-story is being rather over-exploited, and I am a little tired of re-reading the story of how Robert Wood was acquitted of the murder of Phyllis Dimmock, and how Mr. Harold Greenwood secured his verdict of Not Guilty. Both of these well-known trials figure in Miss Winifred Duke's *Six Trials* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and in the first of them Miss Duke does not by any means improve on Marjoribanks' account. On the other hand, she does full justice to the most extraordinary of all modern murder-cases, the one in which Wallace, the Liverpool insurance agent, was found guilty of murdering his wife, and was the first defendant in a murder-case who succeeded in getting the verdict reversed in the Court of Appeal. Miss Duke is right to conclude her essay on this amazing affair with the words: "Whoever killed Mrs. Wallace attained a distinction accorded to few murderers. His was the perfect crime, undetected, unexplained, motiveless, unavenged." Another unique case, so far as I know, dealt with here for the first time, was the murder at Gorse Hall of the building-contractor named Storrs. What made this case unique was that a man was positively identified as the murderer by eye-witnesses, and after his acquittal another man was positively identified as the murderer by the same witnesses. The second man was also acquitted, and there the case was left. It is rather a pity that

Ivor Brown

Novelist and Critic, whose new collection of Essays entitled "I Commit to the Flames" is reviewed on this page by Mr. A. G. Macdonell

Miss Duke should have plunged into the tortuous byways of the trial of Mrs. Hearn. They are so complicated that the story loses interest. But, on the whole, Miss Duke has made a very interesting book. Once again I have great joy in detecting mistakes in the publishers' boost on the jacket.

Sir Percy Sykes has written *A History of Exploration* (Routledge; 25*s.*), and there can be few men so well qualified for the task. As he says himself in the preface: "Exploration and travel have constituted the chief interests of my life, and I count myself fortunate to have been able to wander far and wide." Sir Percy begins with the earliest recorded explorations in the plains of Iraq, the Empire of Babylon, and the march of Tiglath-Pileser, in 1100 B.C., to the sources of the Tigris. Then, of course, comes Herodotus, the father of history; and after him Alexander the Great. The geographers of the Roman Empire, the far-travelled Vikings, the Crusaders, and Marco Polo continue the story up to the great voyages of the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Genoese and the English. Captain Cook went to Australia, and Mungo Park to the Niger, Livingstone and Younghusband and Sir Aurel Stein and Dr. Nansen and Captain Scott carried on the work, until explorers had traversed the whole face of the globe except the upper reaches of the Amazon, where insects are still too strong for human beings, and where Colonel Fawcett made his unsuccessful attack upon the last fortress of savagery and mosquito-bites. Sir Percy has written a fascinating book about great men.

What an intense amount of hatred has gone to the writing of *Bloody Mary's*, by Mr. Geoffrey Dennis (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*)! It is the story of a day-boy at an old-fashioned secondary school in Lancashire about thirty years ago, and it is a record that a passionate rage has gone to the making of. I do not know if it is an autobiography, but this I do know, that whether the boy who tells the tale is real or imaginary, he loathed his school more fiercely than any boy I have ever heard of or read about. The headmaster seems to have been a cross between Nero and Torquemada, and in the end his ungovernable violence brings the school steadily down to ruin. *Bloody Mary's* is a powerful book, but not remotely can it be called a pleasant one—in fact, it does not contain a single pleasant character or a single pleasant description. Of one of the masters, for example, Mr. Dennis writes: "He looked like a murderer, a wife-murderer, a little girl-murderer." The more I read this book, the more I wondered that the author of *Harvest in Poland* could have brought himself to write it. What an amazing picture of the modern, or fairly modern, boys' school is being gradually painted for the benefit of the outside world, a picture of vice and torture and misery and heavy-handed stupidity. And Mr. Dennis certainly has wielded a brush that is heavily laden with great masses of black paint, blacker paint, I think, than that used by any of his predecessors. Is it a true picture that is being gradually composed? Personally, I think not, but then, I may be sentimentally optimistic.

Mr. Denis Mackail is an author whose technical skill, lightness of touch, and unassuming certainty of characterisation have never yet failed, so far as my experience goes, in producing a charmingly readable book. I do not say that Mr. Mackail will ever contribute to the literary efforts of the Thames fire-raisers; I do not think that that is his ambition. But I am certain that he will continue to please his immense circle of readers. His latest novel, *Chelbury Abbey* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is in his usual happy vein. It is true that his doddering old backwoods peer has been done a good many times by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, and it is true that the story of the decaying Abbey, the penniless family of aristocrats, and the handsome young stranger from America has once or twice been written before. But Mr. Mackail somehow infuses it all with his own particular brand of freshness, and makes *Chelbury Abbey* a thoroughly delightful book.

The Tempest at Rye

The President's Putter Fought for in a Gale

Some of the Members of the Oxford and Cambridge G. S. who competed

(1) H. M. Bray and Major F. E. D. Pank. (2) G. N. Foster and R. H. Twining (3) F. Ricardo and A. J. Peech, last year's holder. (4) A. J. Evans and H. P. Greenwood. (5) E. H. Moss who beat L. Crawley. (6) D. H. R. Martin, who won the President's Putter after a display of golf "against which nothing and nobody could have stood," and Dale Bourn. (7) Major G. M. Bennett and J. B. Beck

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Back from South Africa

Women Golfers in South Africa

Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Betty Frost, who some think the most promising of all the South African players. She is only seventeen

The Induna Chief offers native beer in a gourd to Miss Doris Chambers at Entumeni, Zululand. On the right is Mrs. Dan Taylor, L.G.U. Handicap Manager for Natal. One of the team's unique experiences

DEAR BYSTANDER,

OUR travellers are back from South Africa, and if you want to see five people who have, without any qualification or doubt, enjoyed themselves to the utmost, I recommend you to make a date with Miss Chambers, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Diana Plumpton, Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Eithne Pentony. Radiant is not the word for them. It is not to be wondered at. Never did I hear such a catalogue of perfectly wonderful experiences. I don't know, nor does it matter, how many thousand miles they have travelled, nor how many courses they have played on, but I do know that no team has been so overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality, nor had more perfect hosts and hostesses than the South African people. I know from the South Africans themselves that for years they have been thinking of this trip, planning it, looking forward to it, raising the funds by means of a shilling collection. There were no vast donations from anybody; everybody gave a shilling, whether they were golfers or not. If they were golfers, there were also competitions, with one shilling entrance; there were bridge drives and dances and raffles, all the machinery for raising funds; and the result was that the team were not allowed to put their hands in their pockets for any mortal thing, except, perhaps, a tip to a caddy. They had even to fight to be allowed to pay for sending their own shirts to the wash! Nor has the L.G.U. been at any expense beyond steamship fares.

Tremendous hospitality and entertaining do not always go hand in hand with real enjoyment, but in this case they did. Entertainers and entertained seemed to have felt absolutely at home with each other, and I believe the farewell function at Cape Town was a most touching, not to say emotional, affair, and the beautiful and curious mementoes given during the tour will always be treasured possessions.

The good time started before ever they landed at Cape Town, for it began when they touched at St. Helena and played a round on the strange course perched on the top of the rock. On the way back, which happened to be Christmas Eve, they lunched there with His Excellency the Governor, Sir Spencer Davies, and had a chance of seeing the House of Exile, which remains a French possession. Sir Spencer Davies has restored to it the furniture which was there with Napoleon.

IN South Africa itself, our golfers were presented to the Governor-General, the Earl of Clarendon, who came to watch their match against the Transvaal at Parkview. Miss Gourlay, Miss Plumpton and Miss Pentony had a meeting with General Hertzog.

If the team had the good fortune to meet wonderfully interesting people, they were also shown equally wonderful and interesting sights. Some of them went down a gold-mine, and later saw the refining process. They examined uncut diamonds in Johannesburg; they went to the Snake Park at Port Elizabeth, where Miss Diana Fishwick allowed the charmer to envelop her in a python, a sensation, it must be owned, which would make some of us shiver. From Germiston Airport they flew over Johannesburg, every one of them revelling in the experience, Miss Gourlay being the only one of the party who had flown before. At the Crown Mines they saw a war dance by Kaffirs, at Eshowe another war dance, of an entirely different kind, by Zulus. That must have been a particularly memorable day, with something like 100 native performers, both men and women; an interchange of courtesies afterwards between the chief and Miss Chambers by means of an interpreter, and the cementing of friendship by the drinking of native beer out of wooden vessels. Nor will the team ever forget the lovely motor drive from Port Elizabeth to Port Alfred, their picnic by the Kagari River, and another at Beins Kloof.

For Miss Chambers there were other interludes: trees to be planted, a broadcast to be given, innumerable speeches to be made at various lunches. Particularly were they honoured by being the first official lunchers at the new Men's Club at Bloemfontein, where the Town Council executed their business in record time, so anxious were they to come and see the English golfers.

AS to the golf itself, one hears from South African players that they were immensely impressed with the standard, and Miss Chambers confirmed the view that our players did, indeed, all in their different ways, play extremely well. They were struggling with all sorts of varying conditions, their difficulties ranging from the rarefied air of Johannesburg's 7000 feet altitude, to the unaccustomed pace and appearance of blue greens, which they met here and there in the south. A blue green, as of course you know, is made of carefully rolled soil, without any grass, and a fore-caddie scrapes the surface of the green with a T-shaped stick or a mat before the attempt is made to put the ball into the hole. Strength, provided your eye is in, appears to be the only problem, for slopes there are none. Green Committees there must have a good many difficulties to cope with, but at least they have tremendous loyalty from their members, and distances are so great that players cheerfully make the best of what they have at their own door, instead of dashing off to join something else. Those distances, of course, are one of the conditions which make it harder for players over there to improve, but there is good material, and the sight of what can be done with the golf ball, as demonstrated by the English visitors, will have a stimulating effect.

WHAT we in this country want now is to see some of the South African ladies over here for our Championship. Luckily, there is a chance of four of them being here in time for Porthcawl. Not the South African Champion, but Mrs. Field, who holds the Transvaal title, Mrs. Monkhouse, possibly Miss Betty Frost (who would be a notable entrant for the Girls' Championship if she could stay till September), Miss Mavis Dold, and Mrs. Wilkinson, who has done so much for young golfers in South Africa.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Walker Cup and President's Putter

TWO important happenings have recently occurred in the world of golf. The first is merely an announcement, but is, in fact, the more important of the two, for it is made by the United States Golf Association, and consists of the list of players to represent America in the Walker Cup match to be played at St. Andrews on May 11th and 12th next. The second is the annual competition for the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society.

LET us consider the Walker Cup match first. It comes as a very pleasant surprise to Englishmen generally that Francis Ouimet, probably the most popular American who has ever raided our shores in search of golfing glory, is to captain the side. Francis, as all the world knows, won his first United States Amateur Championship in 1914, having achieved tremendous glory not so long before in the American Open Championship, when he defeated Harry Vardon and Ted Ray after a tie. Everybody knew Francis Ouimet to be one of the finest amateur golfers in the world from that time on, but he rather startled both America and Britain by winning the Amateur Championship again in 1931, just when people were beginning to class him as a veteran whose day was done. Ouimet is a very great golfer, and one whose presence on any side will still strengthen it. He has had past experience of competition play, and he has actually been a member of the American Walker Cup side in every match which has been played for the Cup. He has also had experience as a captain, for he filled that position with great distinction in the 1932 team.

The others in the side are G. T. Dunlap, H. Chandler Egan, J. Fischer, J. Goodman, W. Lawson Little, M. R. Marston, F. Moreland, and J. Westland.

Of these the best known is Dunlap, who reached the semi-final of our own Amateur Championship this year, there to lose a close match to Michael Scott, and then went home to win the United States Amateur Championship, beating Max Marston in the final by six up with five to play. Dunlap is a magnificent golfer and created a very good impression in this country, not merely because of his skill, but also because of the delightful way in which he treated competitive golf —as a game, and not, as unfortunately has so frequently happened in the past, something much more serious.

JOHNNY GOODMAN is the amateur who created such surprise by winning the United States Open Championship last year. Goodman had not been selected to represent the American side in the Walker Cup match in 1932, when his selection was more or less anticipated, but no one thought that he was good enough to win the Open Championship against all the professionals. He confounded his critics, however, and great interest will, no doubt, be taken in his performances on this side of the Atlantic.

Max Marston won the American Amateur Championship in 1923, and has represented America for the Cup on three occasions, but not for some years.

Of the others, Moreland and Westland played in the last match, but Egan, Fischer, Goodman and Little have no experience of Walker Cup golf.

FROM the British point of view it is really a most encouraging team. I say this in no way attempting to belittle the undoubted skill of this projected American invasion, but in a hopeful spirit. The team will, no doubt, be led by either Goodman or Dunlap, and one of these two is certainly the best player of the side. We know that Dunlap can be beaten, for he has been beaten over here by Michael Scott, and although putting up quite a good performance, he was beaten by several of our amateurs in our Open. In these circumstances, I feel justified in predicting the first British victory in the Walker Cup match this year.

NOW to deal with the President's Putter. This competition is one which is practically a miniature championship in itself, because of the distinction of the entry, for there is no doubt about it that the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society has terrific golfing strength in its membership.

The Putter was won for the first time by D. H. R. Martin, who beat Rex Hartley by five and four in the final round. This is the first really important event which "Ham" Martin has ever won, but I am inclined to think that it will certainly not be the last. Martin is a very much better golfer than most people imagine. He hits the ball tremendous distances at times and very straight, and his short game, as a rule, leaves little to be desired. When both departments are working smoothly together he is quite capable of beating anybody, as he has just shown. He has more than once put up a good performance in the St. George's Cup at Sandwich; and he is physically made for golf on rough days. He has one great attribute, which is that he stands solidly on both feet and swings slowly, and his build is such that he is still able to do so when others are being affected by a high wind. He has also on many occasions proved that even when the luck is going against him he has the heart of a lion. I, personally, was delighted at his success, because a victory in such an important event may give him just that impetus to go on to further triumphs which a big win sometimes gives a good player. Martin is undoubtedly a good player, and nothing would please me more than to see him continue the year as he has started it.

THERE was another great match, which took place in the second round, between Cyril Tolley and John Beck. Tolley won by two holes in the end, but Beck handicapped himself rather unnecessarily by starting very badly. It was encouraging, however, to see these two players—one of them a certainty and the other a probable for our Walker Cup side —playing so well early in the year.

The Croome Shield at Rye

Above, top: the Hon. F. S. Calthorpe and W. V. Wakefield. Middle: L. G. Crawley and Capt. F. Carlisle. Below: F. G. Mirfield and G. R. Girdlestone. The winners of this 'Varsity event were Sidney Sussex, Cambridge (N. C. Selway and N. A. Keith)

Here is a very useful feature. The large glass side-screen, when set at this angle, deflects the direct draught from the driver when the front window is lowered

The new 18-h.p. Austin is a comfortably large car, carrying really luxurious coachwork. The saloon illustrated is so roomy that it can be fitted, when desired, with two additional folding seats

Cars with a Personality

The 18-h.p. Austin

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE must be very few motorists to whom the Austin "Sixteen" has not long been familiar. It is from this well-proved model that the new 18-h.p. car has been developed. Actually, I suppose I ought to speak of the new 16-18-h.p. car—for the enlarged 1934 chassis is designed to take either the larger or the smaller size of engine as desired—but the car loaned to me was an "Eighteen," and I shall refer to it as such.

Undoubtedly, with its longer chassis and increased body space, this new model must be regarded as a large and distinctly luxurious car. When one considers that, without serious alteration, the "Carlton" saloon can accommodate two small "occasional" seats (thus becoming a genuine six-seven-seater), one begins to realise how ample is the amount of leg-room when the car is equipped as an ordinary four-five-seater only. Indeed, it is difficult to name any standard production of equivalent horse-power which enables one to lounge back and stretch one's legs more freely.

AMONG many attractive coachwork features, the large glass wind-shields should be noted. These are hinged to the windscreen pillars, and are invaluable in deflecting the direct draught when the front windows are lowered. Another most practical asset is the mechanism which enables the entire back seat to be adjusted so as to give the occupants whatever seating angle may be most comfortable to them.

On the road, this new Austin quickly shows itself to have a very good all-round performance. It does its 60 m.p.h. in top gear, and can reach 40 m.p.h. in its useful and well-pitched third ratio. The engine is lively, and acceleration good, although the degree of silence and smoothness is at all times outstanding.

A VERY wet day enabled me to make an unusually thorough test of the car's road-holding qualities. In general, I was able to drive at a good speed with perfect steadiness, but there were times when wheel-spin had to be reckoned with. I found it, for instance, inadvisable to accelerate at all sharply in rounding a corner—for at such times the power of the engine was apt to overcome the rear wheels' road adhesion. Apart from a windscreen which did not open quite far enough, this provided me with my only grounds for criticism.

There can be nothing but praise for the gear-box, which provides synchro-mesh engagement for both third and top gears. Second, although not thus favoured, is also a very easy ratio to use. The braking is also remarkably good—for the four-wheel brakes combine power with smoothness. The springing is comfortable, and the steering, which has very slight "castor" action, is definite and light. The complete car costs only £328—a remarkably moderate figure.

Above: back-seat passengers, besides enjoying exceptional leg-room, have also the advantage of being able to adjust the seating angle in this very simple and effortless manner

The driving position is comfortable, and the controls conveniently placed. The instruments are all grouped opposite the driving seat, leaving space on the near side for a very large and useful cubby-hole

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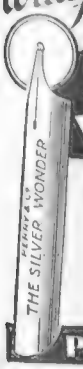

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Tennis star learns to fly. Miss Kathleen Stammers with "Eddie" Fulford, her instructor at the Hatfield School. The machine is the Stage and Screen Club's Moth, on which many theatrical and film people have taken lessons

To Paris by Air without a Passport

By Charles Ward

The Freedom of the Sky

IT comes as a great shock to learn that His Highness the Khan of Kalat has been pleased to prohibit the bringing of aircraft into most of his territory. This may have something to do with defending India against the Russians, but, on the other hand, it may not. The Greeks have a way with them also. A simple notice—note the adjective—announcing your intention of landing in or passing over Greece is sufficient, provided that you give it forty-eight hours in advance. As a general rule, the smaller the country the more difficult it is to fly there. What fun we shall have in the future, when aeroplanes are as numerous as motor-cars to-day! Frontiers will be quite useless, because they are not marked either in the air or on the ground. The world will have to conduct its light goods business on a free trade basis, or half the able-bodied population will be employed as air policemen, to prevent the other half from earning its living by smuggling. Amidst the welter of regulations to restrain people from flying when and where they like, there is one item of news which should be popular. Passengers making week-end flights to Paris need not carry passports. When writing about French aerodromes a few weeks ago, and in particular the bad state of those in the south of France during the rainy season, I mentioned the French service to Cannes in the summer. In actual fact, this operates all the year round, and if there is a doubt about the state of an aerodrome, passengers are landed en route in time to connect with an express train. The Riviera air express leaves Croydon every week-day at 8.20 a.m., arriving at Cannes at 3.40 in the afternoon. Air France report that the service is extremely popular this winter, and 'planes are flying with full loads.

Flying for All

MOTORING has become almost universal, because a car of some sort can stop outside most people's doors, but not till the helicopter comes into its own will flying be possible for everyone. In England, not more than one in forty of the population has flown, and of this number—say a million in round figures—about one-eighth can be assessed as confirmed air travellers. Flying is relatively expensive for short distances, but cheaper than first-class surface transport when the journey covers thousands of miles. Speed is the commodity which aviation sets out to sell, and its success can be gauged by comparing the arrivals at Croydon with those at Victoria from the train de luxe. Bleriot made his name by crossing the Channel by air, yet on this winter's day perhaps thirty aeroplanes have crossed from shore to shore, and nobody bothers unless some careless fellow runs short of petrol and has to land in the "Drink." Kingsford-Smith flew the Tasman Sea a week ago for the third time—1200 miles over the ocean. The gaps in the world's transport system are being rapidly filled up.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 158)

and culture? It will bear repetition, anyway. Constantine is the happiest of mortals, with no thought beyond his family and cricket and the immediate present. One day a friend said to him: "You know, Leary, it 's all very well, but you won't be able to play cricket for ever. Why don't you improve your mind? You 're an intelligent fellow, and you ought to prepare yourself for the future." This worried Constantine a bit. He brooded. He noted that this friend of his would sit for hours reading a book, and he concluded that there must be some rational explanation for this amazing behaviour. One day Constantine disappeared. He was away many hours. He returned with a large packing-case, and opened it with some deliberation. It was full of books—history, economics, medicine, ethnology, applied mechanics, architecture. Constantine unpacked the case and sat down. For a week he pored over his book. Then he turned out as usual for Nelson, and the score-book read "Constantine, b. A. N. Other, 0." Constantine returned home. He regarded the book morosely. "Who," he demanded, "said culture?" Nobody knows where those books are now.

Howard Coster

Basil Foster, who is playing in "The Man Who Was Fed Up," at the Vaudeville, not at all fed up with his one-piece golf suit, which can be slipped on in a few seconds, made by H. J. Nicoll from the new Lastex tweed

BUT I shall have to hurry before the abhorred shears (editorial) cut me short. In brief then, let us note that W. W. Wakefield is alleged to have said in Paris that England will definitely play France at Rugby football next year. Rash statement for eminent Rugby Union Committeeman to make. Doubt whether he made it, but if he mentioned subject at all, rather incautious. International Board representatives have recently paid secret visit of inspection to France, but most unlikely that fixtures will be resumed next season by England, at any rate.

PETERSEN to fight Charlie Smith at Cardiff on January 29th. Better match than Van Goole, but uninteresting. Smith purely defensive boxer, with curious wide-armed stance and staring eyes. Fine old war-horse, gave Petersen fright of his life in 1932, when Petersen, out-pointed, out-boxed, desperately tired, won by grand-stand finish and knock-out in last round. Petersen has advanced since, but Smith has gone back. Jackie Kid Berg has definitely retired. Wise man. On the slide now, but glorious record of two-fisted fighting behind him. Remember his tornado trouncing of Mushy Callahan at Albert Hall?

VINES playing great lawn tennis as professional. Matches well staged by Big Bill Tilden, who denounces faulty management of America's Davis Cup team. Why not let Tilden manage it himself? Tickets for Test Matches selling like hot cakes already. Three thousand pounds' worth disposed of at Oval: similar liveliness at other Test Match centres. Cricket will certainly support Wyndham Lewis's thesis, and make great practical contribution to human life.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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VAPEX
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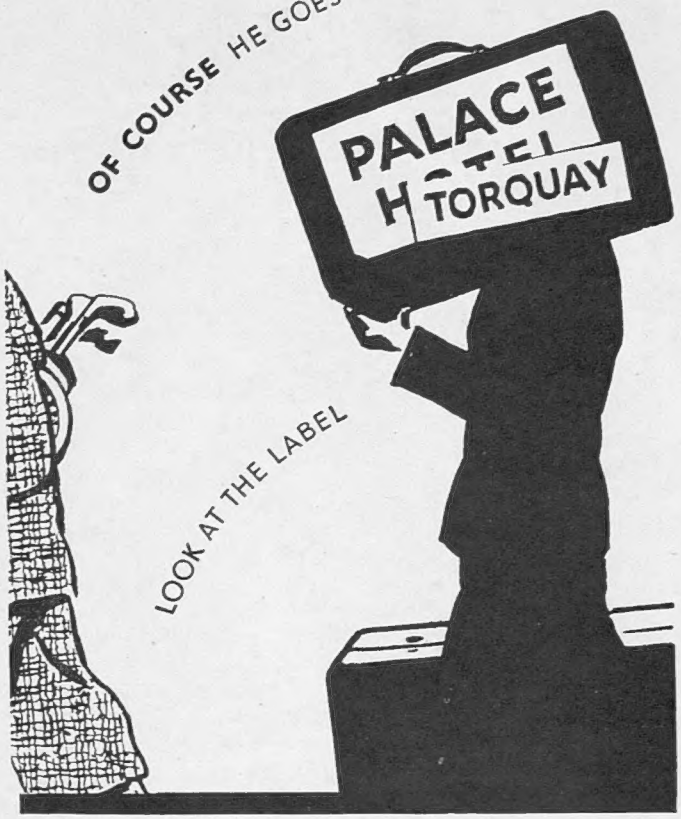

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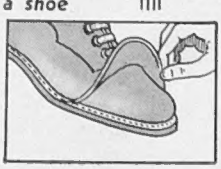

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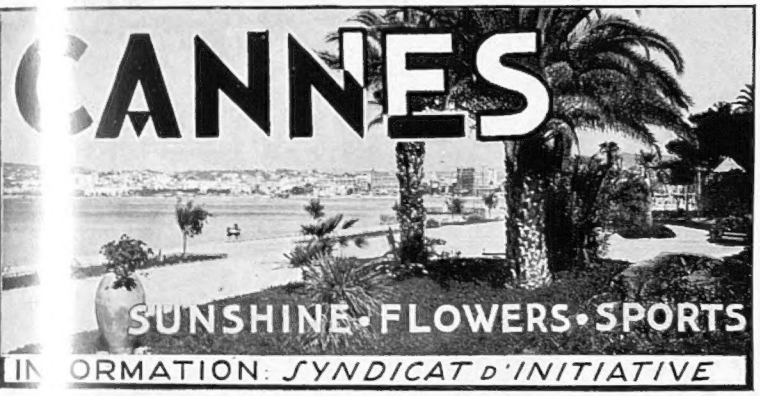

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